THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII., NO. 5384 | PORTSMOUTH, N. H. TUESDAY. MAY 20, 1902. | PRICE 2 CENTS

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WE HAVE SOME HANDSOME PATTERNS IN

Screen Doors---Also Window Screens and Screen Wire.

Rider & Cotton's,

65 MARKET STREET.

GAS EXPLOSION KILLED THEM ALL

Not A Survivor in the Fraterville Mine.

OVER 200 IN THE DEATH LIST.

Disaster At Coal Creek An Appalling Occurrence.

Knoxville, Tenn., May 19.—A special to the Sentinel says the Fraterville and Thistle coal mines at Coal Creek, Tenn., exploded this morning. Only one man escaped, he being blown out of the mine. About three-hundred men were at work in the mines. Flames are issuing from mouths and vent holes. The Fraterville coal mine is located in Anderson county, Tenn. It is owned by the Coal Creek Coal Co., of which Major E. C. Camp of this city is president and general manager. This is the oldest mine in the Coal Creek district, having been operated since 1870. A large area is developed and worked. The Coal Creek stream is struck by this mine, the hard top averaging four and one half feet in thickness. The Fraterville mine has always been considered one of the safest mines in the Coal Creek belt.

EXETER HAVING TROUBLE.

Street Sprinkling Problem in for Consideration.

Exeter, May 19.—"Street sprinkling is as obviously necessary as street lighting," said a business man this forenoon, "and the best method of raising the funds essential to having it properly done is surely a fit subject for discussion by the constitutional convention which sits at Concord in December."

Portsmouth, in view of its experience this year, ought to be largely interested in the subject, and certainly Exeter, with her miles of macadam streets, some of which, for lack of sprinkling, are being literally blown away, is likely to listen to suggestions how to remedy matters with eagerness.

In most large towns and many cities, in New Hampshire the voluntary contribution method is the apparently only feasible one for raising money to have certain portions of the streets watered. That is the method in Portsmouth and Exeter, at least. It is unsatisfactory largely from the fact that all abutters on the streets sprinkled will not contribute. Many are therefore paying more than their share, while their neighbors, some enjoying equal benefits, are giving nothing. It is a matter of common observation that many of the principal streets are sprinkled checker board fashion, affording, especially on a windy day, no real relief from the irritating and, as applied to merchandise, destructive dust. The lack of concerted contribution accounts for this artistic work of the sprinkler driver.

Another evil of the contributing system is the likelihood of overcrowding the team on a route in the eagerness to get sufficient funds to make both ends meet at the end of a season. There are few harder places for a pair of horses than hauling a street sprinkler. Loaded, it will weigh upwards of four tons, and the team has little respite from arduous work from the time it starts in the morning until it is unyoked in the evening. The hotter the day, the farther and faster it has to go, and the horses soon show the effects of the heavy strain by becoming reduced in flesh and jaded to a degree.

To evolve some equitable method of local option in solving the street sprinkling problem, it is suggested that the legislature, after the constitution has been properly tinkered, might empower towns to assess abutters on those streets, where a majority signify a desire to have sprinkling don, this to be determined by a petition to the selectmen or by some like method. The question is regarded as being of weight, embracing comfort, health and economy.

HEN FLESH IN HIS ARM.

Phillips Exeter Senior, Richard Ely, Subject to Grafting Process.

Exeter, May 19.—Richard S. Ely, the Phillips Exeter senior, who, on Feb. 25, was badly burned while asleep at a desk in his room in Soule hall, through the overturning of a lamp, is still a patient at the hospital and suffers much from his misfortune.

The wound on the upper arm has been slow to heal and a few days ago Dr. William B. Kenniston, his attending physician, grafted portions of hen flesh upon the arm. The result is now eagerly awaited.

The boy's father, Prof. Richard C. Ely, the noted economist of the University of Wisconsin, today arrived in town to pay him a visit.

EPPING ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

John H. Pike's Grocery and Paint Stock Finds Purchasers.

Exeter, May 19.—Robert Scott of Exeter, assignee of John H. Pike of Epping, has disposed of the grocery and paint stock of Mr. Pike to George Rowe and Sadie A. Pike, and the store will hereafter be conducted by them.

The quick disposal of the business, which included the book accounts, will enable Mr. Scott to wind up the business affairs of Mr. Pike this week. The estate will pay a dividend of between 25 and 30 per cent

NAVAL BILL PASSED.

Feature Of Debate In House Was On Proposition To Build Three Ships In Government Yards.

Washington, May 19.—Before adjournment today, the house passed the naval appropriation bill. The feature of the debate was on the amendment offered by Mr. Roberts of Massachusetts, providing that three of the ships be built at government yards. (This amendment was not incorporated in the bill.)

WITH COFFINS.

Party Leaves Fort de France For St. Pierre, After The Remains Of The Prentiss Family.

Fort de France, May 19.—A party has left here for St. Pierre, carying coffins for the purpose of recovering the remains of United States Consul Prentiss, who was killed, with his family, in the eruption of Mont Pelee. Another eruption of Mont Pelee occurred yesterday and the volcano is still smoking.

BASEBALL.

The following is the result of the baseball games played yesterday:

National League.

Pittsburg 2, Philadelphia 1; at Pittsburg.

Chicago 5, Boston 2; at Chicago.

Cincinnati 4, New York 2; at Cincinnati.

St. Louis 6, Brooklyn 5; at St. Louis.

American League.

Detroit 0, Chicago 1; at Detroit.

Cleveland 0, St. Louis 2; at Cleveland.

Boston—Philadelphia, rain.

Washington—Baltimore, rain.

Eastern League.

All the scheduled games were postponed on account of rain.

New England League.

All the games scheduled in the New England league had to be postponed on account of rain.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Mrs. Corbin Bartlett Threw Herself Into Sunapee Lake, While Insane With Grief.

Concord, N. H., May 19.—Word reached here this afternoon of the suicide by drowning in Lake Sunapee of Mrs. Corbin Bartlett of Newbury. Mrs. Bartlett was fifty years of age. She was insane with grief over the death of her favorite son.

ON THE WAY TO QUEBEC.

Montreal, May 19.—Col. Gaynor and Capt. Greene are en route for Quebec, on a special train. They are in charge of High Constable Gale.

FRUSTRATED.

Plot Against The Life Of Emperor Francis Joseph.

Bomb Found In His Compartment Of A Train At Vienna.

The Newspapers Forbidden To Say Anything About Occurrence.

London, May 20.—The correspondent of the Daily Chronicle in Buda Pest reports the frustration of a plot to take the life of Emperor Francis Joseph. The emperor was going on a train from Vienna to Buda Pest. Ten minutes before his arrival at the railroad station a bomb covered with paper was found in his compartment in the car. It was evidently calculated to explode when the emperor entered the car. Investigation resulted in the dismissal of several of the railroad employes. The greatest secrecy regarding the occurrence was observed and the emperor forbade the newspapers of Vienna to say anything about it.

GOES UP AGAIN.

Price of Beef Advanced Two Cents a Pound on Monday.

Beef took another jump in price on Monday. Local dealers report that this staple article of food now costs from one and one-half to two cents more per pound at wholesale than it did last week, and they are very pessimistic regarding the probability of the price being lower in the near future.

"This is a hard blow to the retailers," declared a prominent dealer, this morning. "Our sales not only of beef, but of kinds of meat, have been steadily falling off for a long time, and this advance in price means a greater decrease. I don't see how the wholesalers can be making any money, either.

"The recent advance is ascribed to the shortage of western cattle last week, and we are told that the present prices will probably hold for three or four weeks, with a possibility of a still further advance. There is reason to hope that there will be a rapid drop in prices when the grass cattle appear on the market, but until then I don't see any reason to look for any change, unless it is for the worse.

"The present prices are the highest that have been recorded, I believe, since the period immediately following the Civil war."

NEW MASONIC HOUSE.

Batters Are up and The Cellar Excavation Is About Completed.

Batters are up for the new state Masonic home building, between Beach and Ash streets, and the cellar excavation is about completed. The work of laying the foundation walls is to begin at once and before the summer is over it is expected that the building will be under roof.

Brick with stone trimming is to be the material used in the construction, and the building will not only be admirably suited to the uses to which it is put but an ornament to the vicinity as well. For the present a main building about fifty feet by sixty feet is to be erected, a little back of the center of the lot donated by the Manchester Masons, but later a wing is to be added on each side. The grounds will be well laid out, with circular driveways at both the front and rear of the building, shade trees and well-smoothed lawns.

The members of the fraternity have contributed generously to the building fund and the completion of the building is looked forward to with much interest by them.

The cornerstone will probably be laid by the grand lodge of the state, with appropriate ceremonies, and will doubtless draw to Manchester a notable gathering of Masons.

HAS REACHED NAPLES.

Washington, May 19.—The navy department has received a cablegram from Rear Admiral Crowninshield, announcing his arrival on board the battleship Illinois at Naples, where he has hoisted his flag as commander in chief of the European station.

NO COAL FAMINE AT PRESENT.

Portsmouth is in no immediate danger of a coal famine such as is threatened in many towns in Maine and New Hampshire. Local dealers report that they have supplies on hand amply sufficient for present needs and there is no prospect of a rise in price, at the present time. Should the strike in the coal regions, however, assume its threatened proportions there would undoubtedly be a scarcity in the local market in a very short time, and an advance in price would be absolutely necessary. It is hoped, however, that this may be averted.

AT WASHINGTON

Breezy Letter From The National Capital.

Sen. Teller Performing Wonderful Political Acrobatic Stunts.

President Roosevelt Cuts Red Tape In The Martinique Matter.

May 20, 1902.

The man or the party which persists in declaring the solution of a problem to be impossible will never solve it. Pessimism is fatal to achievement. To assert that the Philippine situation is superior to American efforts is to admit that American ability to do has reached its maximum and is on the decline.

The demagogy and clap-trap manner in which the democrats of congress are handling the Philippine question is so plain that he who runs may read. Their attitude does not deceive many. The situation is a very simple one. We have the islands, and the only thing for us to do is to administer them to the best of our ability. If we make some mistakes, as we undoubtedly must, we will rectify them. But to talk about dropping the problem, abandoning the islands, retrograding, is the veriest nonsense, and nobody knows it better than the men who are making passionate and grandiloquent speeches in advocacy of such a plan.

How often is the wish father to the thought? The New York Evening Post, which has been for a great many years a pessimist and is now strongly anti-Philippine, is sure that there is no glory for the American arms in the islands, and adds, "General Otis comes home only to pass into forgetfulness. So does General McArthur. So in his turn will General Chaffee. It is a bitter knowledge but it is one which every officer in the Philippines bears about with him, that the ordinary rewards of successful war are not for him."

A gloomy picture indeed, were it a true one; but it is not so in any sense. In the first place the "ordinary reward of successful war"—the only reward which any soldier expects—is the knowledge of duty well performed, the approval of superior officers, and the gratitude of the country. Our soldiers who have carried the flag in the islands certainly enjoy all these. They have done their duty well and faithfully and the country has not been slow in acknowledging it. As for the approval of the commanders-in-chief, that has been given unreservedly. Both President McKinley and President Roosevelt have watched with deep interest the work of the army and the navy from the battle of Manila bay dow to Chaffee's recent victory, and have cabled congratulations and thanks of the nation. Nor have the people themselves been wanting in attesting their appreciation of the deeds of war Dewey, Schley, Otis, McArthur, Funston and others have been most enthusiastically received and honored by the people, and a warm welcome awaits Gen. Chaffee when that gallant veteran shall come back to the United States. The Evening Post, like all the democratic party, is simply on the wrong side and is trying to make the best of the situation by a perversion of facts.

One of the most remarkable instances of political acrobatics is seen in the recent performance of Senator Teller in appealing for the support of the democrats from the state of Colorado in the coming election. One of the most ardent republican protectionists in the country, prior to the coming of the silver fallacy, clear-minded, progressive, constructive, how can Mr. Teller now justify his course in casting his lot with the party which favors low tariff, if not free trade, obstruction, and retrogression? But the question is, do the democrats themselves want him? Everything to his credit which Senator Teller ever did was accomplished as a republican and in connection with the republican party. While he has promptly appealed to the democrats to select him to succeed himself in case they are successful in electing a legislature, it is by no means certain that they will not prefer some genuine democrat, to represent them in the senate. It is to be hoped, however, that the republicans will themselves organize the legislature, and send a true-blue republican to the senate to represent the Centennial state as faithfully as did Senator Teller before his desertion of party and principle.

The manner in which prominent democratic leaders are being attacked and assailed by democratic papers contributes materially to the gaiety of politics. Under the guise of reuniting the party democratic editors are taking occasion to express their personal dislikes of party leaders, so that the democratic split instead of closing is, if anything, becoming wider. Chairman Jones, following his defeat, receives more censure than sympathy; Richardson, the democratic leader of the house, has been severely ridiculed for his lack of judgment in bringing discredit on the party in connection with the Danish investigation affair; Bryan, of course, is being cold-shouldered at every opportunity by the gold democrats, while Cleveland has the especial enmity of the silver men; Hill and Gorman, the ablest of the democratic leaders, are by no means exempt from attack, criticism and fault finding. In fact, there is no man in the democratic party who has anything approaching a national democratic following or the general support and respect of the once powerful democratic party.

Those politicians who are predicting explosive campaign material out of the supposed split in the republican party, growing out of the Cuban matter, may have a surprise party in store for themselves. It is remembered that jubilant predictions were made along the same lines concerning the difference of republican opinion regarding Porto Rico, when the statue of that island was discussed in congress, and yet the whole matter was apparently forgotten within two months. The president and the party leaders have suffered some annoyance in the failure to pass a measure which would have been attacked by the enemy as legislation in favor of the sugar trust. It may be that congress will adjourn now without any action on this question. If so, all the campaign material so assiduously collected by the democrats, will be found to lack starch, and the poor democracy will be still without an issue.

President Roosevelt is receiving much praise for his prompt and decisive action in the matter of relief for the Martinique volcano sufferers. Knowing that the dictates of humanity would impel congress to appropriate the funds necessary to succor the suffering, yet not waiting for the slow working machinery of legislation, and the red tape of departmental methods, he ordered a vessel prepared and loaded for the errand of mercy without delay. By the time congress had acted the vessel was ready to sail, and left New York on Wednesday. Following the ordinary procedure it would have been a week yet before the vessel could have gotten away. Our president has the nerve to meet an emergency.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in a recent magazine article says: In the treaty of 1814 it was with difficulty that even Mr. Gallatin and Mr. Clay could be held up to the mark of retaining for the United States the great use"? they said. "It only gives you Northwestern territory. "What is the the care of the Indians." Yet, in that doubtful territory are the states of Iowa, Wisconsin, half of Michigan, Minnesota, and who should say how much of the country westward?

The insurrections, riots, murders, and bloodshed which have been occurring in the republic of Hayti may be considered a good example of what would probably follow should we adopt the proposed plan of turning over the reins of government to the Filipinos and giving them so-called liberty.

G. E. M.

ON THE DIAMOND.

Christy Matthewson is not pitching in his early season form.

Pittsburg seems to be making a runaway of the National league race.

St. Louis has once more fallen back to last place in the National league standing.

Manchester is leading again in the New England league, and is beginning to look like a pennant winner.

Rochester is first in the Eastern league standing, and Worcester, which Magraw called the fastest minor league team in the country, is last on the list.

The Conecticut league is hardly a strictly state league this season, as there is one Massachusetts team included in its circuit, viz., Springfield, which held an Eastern league franchise for several years.

There was a remarkable game of baseball in Chicago, on Monday, between the Chicago and St. Louis American league teams. Umpire Johnstone called the game on account of darkness after one ball had been pitched in the eighteenth inning, with the score two to two.

That was a peculiar game on Sunday in which Detroit defeated Cleveland nineteen to eleven. The game was called in the seventh on acount of a gathering storm, which rendered it too dark to play, but before that occurred each team had tried three pitchers and a total of twenty-six base hits had been made.

SHE NEVER SANG.

A young woman of Philadelphia, who has beautiful red hair, is the teacher of a Sunday school class. On a recent Sabbath the rector made the announcement of a hymn to be sung, and, rising, waved his hands, and the organ pealing forth. "Now," said he, "ready—sing." A small and precious youth in the young woman's class: "Why don't you sing," Miss Frisbee?" "Me? Oh, I never sing," replied the teacher, smiling her prettiest. "But," explained the boy, "the mininster says you must. Didn't he say, 'Now, Reddy, sing?'"

Advertise in the Herald

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE OLD UTAH MINT.

A COINAGE SYSTEM THAT WAS BORN OF BRIGHAM YOUNG.

The Story of the Ancient and Almost Forgotten Deseret Gold Money—Few of the Pieces Are In Existence at the Present Time.

The ancient coinage of Utah, the period when the glittering particles of yellow gold from California were minted in a little adobe building in Salt Lake, has been half forgotten. The written and printed records of that time, by a strange oversight, throw no light on the subject.

Those Utahans whose memory dates back to 1849 remember the establishment of the mint, but the exact dates are confused. It was some time toward the close of 1849 that the mint was inaugurated as a measure of public convenience. Brigham Young was the instigator of the coinage system and exercised a personal supervision over the work.

Prior to the establishment of the mint all gold dust had to be weighed when payments for merchandise or other articles were made. In many cases the merchant with whom the purchaser was dealing had no gold scales, and much trouble resulted. The metal was too precious to admit of guesswork in ascertaining the weight required to cover a given sum, and the customer would be put to the trouble of looking up scales to aid him in his payment.

Old timers disagree as to who made the dies with which the gold was stamped into $2.50, $5, $10 and $20 coins. The honor lies between John Kay and James M. Barlow. Kay was a mechanic and Barlow a jeweler and dentist. Judge Hammond of San Juan, who came to Utah in 1848, says that dies were made by both men.

He thinks Kay made the first, which were unsatisfactory and imperfect, and that Barlow made the later ones.

Thomas Bullock was chief clerk and active director of the mint during its entire operation. The gold which was used came chiefly from California, much of it being brought here by members of the Mormon battalion on their return from the Mexican war.

They carried the precious dust and nuggets in buckskin pouches to the mint, where it was weighed and coined absolutely without alloy. The mint building was at that time a considerably more pretentious structure than it is today. It was two stories high and contained half a dozen rooms.

The crucibles in which the gold was melted were in the cellar. The primitive machine with which the cooling metal was stamped into coin stood in a back room on the first floor. All the work was done by hand and every piece of the machinery was made by Salt Lake artisans. Of necessity, no base metal appeared in the finished product. Twenty-five grains of gold was the equivalent of a dollar.

The man who had 67½ grains turned that amount over to Mr. Bullock, who sent it at once to Messrs. Kay and Barlow. It was immediately melted and turned into a coin of the value of $2.50. So it was with the pieces of larger denomination, and the mint customer, if he so desired, could follow his metal with his eyes from his pouch through the crucible, press and stamp.

No toll was taken out of the gold, the coinage being absolutely free. At first the $2.50 pieces were most plentiful and popular. Then a large number of $5 coins were made, and these, with the first named, constituted the bulk of the mint's work. Not many $10 pieces were minted, and the $20 coins were still fewer.

The mint ceased operations in 1860 because of the appearance in sufficient quantities of United States gold and silver coins. Although the space of time since the last pouch was emptied into Thomas Bullock's "money mill," as it was called, is comparatively short, few of the coins are known to be in existence today. Because of their purity they were rapidly, and as a consequence deteriorated in value by erosion.

Many of them were remelted and made into necklaces, chains and other articles of jewelry. Apostle Brigham Young has a watch chain that was made from two of the $20 pieces. He had the chain made in Switzerland while in that country some years ago. E. H. Pierce has one $20 coin, and several others are in possession of Salt Lakers.

When President Brigham Young died in 1877, his executors, in going over his personal property, found a locked strong box. On forcing the lid a number of the coins of the period described were found. They covered all the denominations, and were sold at auction, bringing a premium over their face value. President Young's son, Apostle Brigham Young, at that time secured six of the $5 denomination, which he still has. The others were scattered in such a way as to make it impossible to trace them.

Two sets of dies were used for the $5 pieces. The first set, as has been stated, proving unsatisfactory, another set was made. No milling appears on the edges except in the last issues.

The lettering and other technical points on both sets were imperfect, but the coins served their day and purpose well. They passed current at their face value as readily outside of Utah as within its borders.

The California slug circulated also very freely here and was used for other purposes besides money. Apostle Brigham Young said recently that as a boy he had frequently seen men pitching quoits with California slugs.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Sowing the Seeds.

Mrs. Mildey—Charles is such a dear fellow! He never goes away without kissing me.

Mrs. Sowerby—You don't suppose there is anything like "business before pleasure" in his mind when he is going away, do you, dear?—Boston Transcript.

MOVING ON SATURDAY.

How a Landlord's Tenants Who Did So Came to Grief.

"There are lots of mysterious things about letting tenement houses," said Colonel J. T. Small. "I am not superstitious, but I would no more let a house on Saturday than I would set fire to it. In all the 20 or 30 years I have been letting tenements no one ever moved into a house of mine on Saturday who didn't give me some trouble.

"It used to happen again and again, till at last I got on to the freak of fortune and stopped it. Once a man moved into one of my houses late on Saturday night. The next day he died, and I had to give his family three months' rent. Another time a man moved in on Saturday and inside of a year committed suicide. Another time the house caught fire while a family was getting into gear on Sunday after moving in on Saturday. Sometimes the family that moves in on Saturday has scarlet fever, sometimes the wife dies of consumption, or some other wasting disease plays havoc among his tribe.

"The other day—not many months ago anyway—a man came to me one Friday and wanted to hire a house. He wanted it the worst kind, and when he said that I asked him when he intended to move in.

"'Tomorrow,' said he.

"'Then you can't have one of my houses,' said I, and all the folk who were present laughed at me. The tenant laughed, too, but I stuck it out. I wouldn't let him move in on Saturday. 'I should expect the devil to pay if you did it,' I said, 'for I have never known it to fail.'

"Well, he wanted to know if I cared if he moved in a few things on Saturday, if he wouldn't go in with his family till Monday. I said, 'No, I don't care,' but as for his sleeping there Sunday and Saturday, I wouldn't let him.

"So he went away, promising, and I vow if that fellow didn't move all his things in on Saturday and slept there Saturday night. And inside of a week the factory where he worked was burned to the ground, and he lost his job and was out of work for months. He owes me rent now, and he's the last man who will ever move into one of my houses on Saturday.

"I suppose the underlying principle of it all is that a man who will observe and keep holy the Sabbath will not move Saturday, because he knows he must do some work on Sunday, and a man who will never give his landlord any trouble is the man who will not break the Lord's day."

Moral.—Don't move on Saturday.—Lewiston Journal.

A Locust Plague In Africa.

The largest locust swarm I ever witnessed I find recorded in my diary under date Sept. 16 of the same year. Being on that date at the Lunbi plantation, about six miles from Blantyre, I saw them passing, like a dense cloud, some distance to the westward. Returning to the mission on the following morning, I saw, as I find noted, "the trees beyond the Nasolo brown with locusts, the stream full of them and not fit to drink"—in fact, it was black and loathly; the word may pass unchallenged this time. I remember being struck, some distance off, by the strange appearance of the trees. They looked all brown and dead, whereas, though this was winter, they should in those parts have shown a fair proportion of green.

I asked my hammock boys what they made of this unusual phenomenon—were the trees burned or what?—and they replied, "Dzombe." As we drew nearer we saw them roosting in the branches in clinging masses, almost like swarms of bees. It was a damp, chilly morning, with a driving Scotch mist, and doubtless they felt no inclination to turn out. Later in the day I find the following entry: "Went to Mlomba's, saw Che Ndombo, who says the locusts have eaten the mbelemende." They were getting sharp set by this time.—Longman's Magazine.

A Pauper's Contribution.

A poor workman of Cologne, known by every one not to possess a farthing, put down his name for 20 marks ($5) on a subscription list which was circulated in the city in order to purchase a present for Bismarck's seventieth birthday. The workman was receiving an allowance from the public relief fund, and the overseer of the parish, seeing his name on the subscription list, sent for the man and said to him: "Now, what do you mean by this? Aren't you getting parish pay?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I should like to know how you are able to give 20 marks toward the testimonial to Prince Bismarck."

"I don't intend to give them, sir, if you please."

"Well, what did you put your name down for, then?"

"Why, I haven't paid anything, and when they come for the money I shall just ask them to let me off with so many days in jail."

The poor fellow was much disappointed to learn that police court methods would not work in this case.

Why Tabby For Cat?

A Florentine authority says that when we use the word "tabby" associated with cat we go back to the time when Mohammed named Attab governor of Mecca. Then, later on, there was a quarter in Bagdad called "Atta Bivab," where cloth was made of silk and cotton, which material was famous in the eleventh century. The Spanish Moors made this stuff, which was striped, and so in time "tabby cloth" became common in Europe; hence in low Latin "attabi," in Spanish "tabbi," in French "tabis" and in German "tabin." Pepys tells of "taby waistcoat with gold lace," and in the eighteenth century there are many references to "tabby silks" worn by great ladies. Today in the south tabby means a striped stuff.

HUMAN SIGNBOARDS.

THE MEN WHO CARRY THE BANNERS FOR ADVERTISERS.

One of the Brotherhood Who Perambulates New York's Streets Tells of the Methods and Rules Which Govern His Peculiar Occupation.

His aspect was that of a creature hopelessly gone to seed. His movements betrayed a listlessness which a fiery, sodden face, framed in unkempt white hair and beard, denoted was born of mortal apathy. From his neck hung a cheap nickel clock. Over his slender, narrow shoulders loomed a great oilcloth banner inscribed with gilt letters, which advertised to State street's multitude the eminent superiority of somebody's shoes, for he was a peripatetic sign man who went floating along in the human sea until an eddy tossed him into a side street with a precipitation due perhaps to the presence of a dingy, forlorn little saloon of evil and farreaching odors, into which the curious observer invited him that he might get a story.

"Who am I? Nobody but the veteran banner lugger in State street. Otherwise, viewed as an atom of the social system, I'm a blot, child of the gutter, and all the usual rot which an emotional imagination may be able to supply. I never was long on adjectives, and sentiment and I parted company years ago. But, as I say, I'm the veteran banner packer in this human wilderness, for I have been at it through storm and sunshine for seven years and that with few interruptions to appease the longings of moral delinquency common to the race of banner packers. Appear to have some education? I don't know. Maybe I had once, but I'm too much of a philosopher for reminiscence."

"Better remove your—your banner," suggested the curious observer as they entered the dingy, forlorn little saloon. "You'll feel easier."

"Can't," replied the red faced packer laconically. "Locked in."

"Locked in! You don't mean it?"

"Yes, that's a gospel fact," continued the packer, edging himself through the narrow door. "You will notice that the shoulder pieces attached to my banner are part of an iron band which goes around my waist. At the back the band works on hinges, and it is locked on me by the foreman of the banner packers when I start out in the morning. I come back to the starting point at noon, and the foreman unlocks them, leaving me free for an hour to eat if I have the price of a morsel or so, or to loaf around wishing I was some one else, with my teeth aching from too close an application to truffles and pheasants, if I haven't. Then at 1 o'clock I am locked into my iron frame again and set forth to pack the banner until 6 o'clock, when my work for the day ends and I am at liberty to go to my lodgings."

"Virtually, then, you are a prisoner during your working hours?" said the curious observer.

"Virtually, yes," responded the banner packer. "I am one of the hundreds who are patrolling the streets of New York today in iron frames and who are just as much imprisoned as our friends in Sing Sing or the malefactors who parade in ball and chain. For certain hours we move up and down locked in irons, and, although our shoulders may become racked with pain, we have no relief except at the noon hour and quitting time, unless we return between times and resign our jobs."

"Why are you locked in the frames?"

"Because the advertisers demand it. Many months ago they discovered that a majority of their peripatetic sign men were dishonest and availed themselves of every opportunity to hide their signs as soon as they were out of sight of the establishments employing them."

"Are banner packers governed by any fixed rules?"

"To be sure we are. We are not allowed to walk the thoroughfares in couples, and we must not keep our banners out in a rain which seems wet enough to do them serious injury. We are forbidden to talk to persons who accost us during working hours and are particularly enjoined from conversation with packers engaged by rival concerns. To be caught taking a drink means instant dismissal.

"What territory do we cover? The whole of Greater New York. Each one of us has a defined district and is forbidden to overlap another's on pain of dismissal. But men in my profession are not punctilious, and when we can get together for a chat and a pint we never fail to embrace the opportunity. Few besides members of the fraternity seem willing to talk to a banner packer. We are outcasts, pariahs, the spurned of all the little world. However, it isn't worth while to rehearse our personal histories in detail. We come from all classes, the highest as well as the lowest, from every walk of life, but all of us are united on one common plane, and that is hopeless incompetency. We're the failures, the social wrecks, whom your business man scans askance and passes on as beyond the pale of commercial recognition. He doesn't want us. Nobody will have us except those advertisers who think banner packing a good thing in their business.

"Our pay is very small. The average compensation is 50 cents a day and a meal or two, or from 75 cents to $1 for those packers who do not get a grub stake. However, there are not many of us who can get $1 a day."—New York Telegraph.

The Skipping Rope Cure.

An eminent physician says that some of his patients have rid themselves of many pounds of superfluous flesh by the use of the skipping rope.

One woman who, after a serious illness which terminated in nervous prostration, found herself the possessor of 40 pounds of flesh in addition to her usual weight, asked the physician how she could safely dispose of them. She was not strong enough to ride a wheel or take long walks, and day by day she gained flesh in her enforced laziness.

"Buy a skipping rope and begin with five minutes' exercise twice a day," said the doctor. "Gradually increase the dose, think of what you are doing and of nothing else. Take the exercise slowly and without violence. Your nerves will be quieted, and when you are tired you can drop at once into a comfortable chair."

The patient tried the prescription. Awkward at first, she soon acquired skill and as much agility as was needed for her new exercise. At the end of a month the scales showed that ten of the superfluous pounds had vanished, and the next few weeks showed a still greater decrease in weight, without the least unpleasant result.

At the end of six months the skipping rope was no longer needed as a prescription, but the doctor's patient seldom lets a day go by without donning her gymnasium suit and taking a few minutes' exercise, as she finds that it exhilarates her body and rests her nerves. —Youth's Companion.

Oratory and Dyspepsia.

Postprandial oratory is responsible, we believe, for more dyspepsia and suffering than even the excessive long drawn out feeding and drinking. The poor martyrs cast for parts in the dreary farce to come can neither eat calmly nor digest well on account of the terrors that approach, and the poor hearers know they have to suffer for the delights of the banquet by later listening or by an impolite escape through the side door. All are impaled and must suffer at the hands of a tyrannous and senseless fashion.

Very few men are capable of entertaining an audience with spontaneous wit, and even these, if we but knew it, spend a sleepless previous night preparing and memorizing the bright extempore things that are struck out—i. e., lugged in by the horns, as flashes of the jolly esprit de corps all pretend to feel. We are as kind as we can be. We laugh—at least we applaud most loudly to encourage the trembling, wriggling fellow who, when he sits down, does so with many an inaudible "Thank heaven, that's over!"

Apropos of which our genial contemporary, The Practitioner, makes a most valuable and praiseworthy suggestion that as our singing is by artists hired for the purpose, why should not also our speaking be done for us by hired orators. Verbum sap!—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

E. W. GROVE.

This name must appear on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, the remedy that cures a cold in one day. 25 cents.

The Indian Woodpecker.

A correspondent of The Times of India, writing on the birds of Bombay, says: "I have met with only one species of woodpecker, but it is fairly common. To give a description of its colors by which one who did not know it would be sure to recognize it is not easy, but anybody who has once seen a woodpecker will know it again, for there is no other bird like it. It does not perch among the branches of a tree, like the other fowls of the air, but runs up the trunk and boughs like a squire, clinging with its strong claws and propping itself up with its short, stiff tail. Its head, set crosswise on the thin, supple neck, looks like the hammer of a gun, and it stops at intervals to hammer fiercely at the trunk of the tree.

"Its blows are delivered with extraordinary rapidity and energy—indeed all its actions are impulsive and hasty. The woodpecker's trade is a curious one. While other birds are hunting for all sorts of insects that fly in the air or crawl on the ground or hide among the leaves of trees, it lays siege to those which fancy they have defied their enemies by burrowing into the solid trunk. Its beak is a regular chisel, square at the point, with an edge kept always sharp, on what grindstone I know not. Its tongue, which can be thrust out for a distance of three or four inches, is armed at the point with strong and sharp hooks and also smeared, I think, with bird lime, so that it forms at once a very searching and a fast holding instrument."

The Untrained Politician.

On his return from his last visit to America Cobden received at Liverpool a message from Lord Palmerston, offering him a seat in the cabinet, writes Grant Duff in "Notes From a Diary." Consulting with his friends at Manchester, he decided to decline.

On arriving in London, he went to Cambridge House, and, finding the prime minister sitting alone at breakfast, said to him, "Lord Palmerston, before we come to business I ought to say that I consider your having made the proposal you have made to a man who has been attacking you so steadily for so many years, a proof of great magnanimity; but don't you think that it would be really better that I should first change my principles and then go into your cabinet than that I should first go into your cabinet and then change my principles?" Lord Palmerston struck his hand violently upon the table and exclaimed, "Confound it, Mr. Cobden, what did you go into public life for?"

Laxative Bromo-Quinine

GAMBLER AND GENTLEMAN.

A Dramatic Story of Corwin and a Mississippi River Game.

"I am a believer," said the colonel, tilting his chair and resting his perfectly polished boots on one of its rungs, "in man's natural goodness. I had the pleasure once of knowing an honest gambler.

"Corwin, when I met him, was a Mississippi river gambler. He traveled—in fact, lived—on the big river steamboats. He never attempted to conceal the truth about himself. It was simply: 'Gentlemen, I am a gambler by occupation, and a good one. If you care to have me play with you, it will give me great pleasure. If you don't, it doesn't make a particle of difference.'

"There was a cool, matter of fact way about him which froze the ardor of every one else except a young man about 25 years old. This player was in ill luck, but with flushed face and feverish eye he made his bets furiously, only to lose every time. It soon became evident that he was playing beyond his means. Corwin must have noticed it, for he ceased to bet heavily against the younger man. This angered the other.

"There was a pot of $300 once, and every one had dropped out except the young man. Corwin had been playing his hand like a wonderful automaton, passionless but sure. No man except his opponent perhaps could doubt that he held the winning hand. Suddenly, when his rival bet $50, Corwin laid down his hand, saying: 'I have nothing. You played that well.' The young man reached out feverishly for the pile of money, and then his hand laid on the table. 'That is not true,' he said. 'You have a good hand, and you are afraid to play it against me.' Corwin shot a hot glance across the table past him, and two red spots flashed into his cheeks. 'I lay down my hand,' he said slowly, but with a slight tremor in his voice. 'And I say,' added the other in a low tone, 'that you are a gambler, and therefore a coward!'

"'Hush,' I said, laying my hand on the young man's sleeve. 'You do not know what you are saying. He is not a coward by any manner of means.' The young man shook off my hand vehemently. 'He is a coward,' he repeated, 'and I will answer for my words at the first landing.'

"I looked at Corwin. I had seen him sit on the hurricane deck, a revolver in hand, and, as a waiter threw champagne bottles over the rail, raise his arm swiftly and shatter the falling glass with a bullet. There were graver stories, too, of his deadly aim in duels. He sat stiff and motionless, with a terrible fire in his eyes. I was amazed by his next words.

"'Does the game go on?' he asked quietly. 'Not with you,' said the young man, bending forward, the veins of his forehead swelling. 'Not until I prove that you are afraid to bet,' and with a sudden motion he thrust his hand across the table and, seizing Corwin's hand, turned the cards face up on the table. I was on my feet at that instant to arrest Corwin's right hand, for I felt that he would draw his revolver at the insult. But a hush fell over those around the table and the hotheaded young man was gazing stupidly at the cards before him. Four aces lay there, an invincible hand, for straight flushes were not then played. There was a blue tinge on Corwin's white lips, and the young man looked bewildered. Then the young fellow burst into tears.

"'We can't play together any more,' he cried. 'You threw money into my pocket because you thought I was losing too much. I can't take it,' he said, rising from his chair. 'You can,' said the gambler, in an even voice. 'I laid down my hand. The money is yours. Besides,' he added, with a little shiver, 'I held out an ace on you.'

"Every man at the table knew that Corwin had lied. We all got up and left the young man sitting there before his money. I found Corwin shortly afterward standing upon the deck looking into the darkly whirling water. 'Give me your hand,' I said. 'What in the world did you mean? You never cheated at cards in your life.'

"'Tut, tut,' he answered, with a little laugh that was slightly harsh, 'he is only a boy and I loved his mother once.'"—Chicago Chronicle.

His Idea of Luxury.

In the reign of King George II, the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last 20 years of his life in two lottery tickets, which, proving blanks, made him decide to leave this troublous world. In his private box was found a plan of the manner in which he would spend the £5,000 prize, which his mistress kept as a curiosity.

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she's been cross and coy, I'll use her for a servant. Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer with toast, nutmeg and sugar in it; then I will sleep till 10; after I will have a large sack posset. My dinner shall be on the table by 1. I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in. About 5 in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies and a gallon bowl of punch. At 10 a hot supper of two dishes. If I'm in good humor and Grace behaves herself, she shall sit down with me—to bed at 12."

Parnell's Apology.

Mr. Parnell on the 16th of April, 1878, characterized a statement made by Mr. Henry James as "a legal quibble" worthy of the honorable and learned member from whom it proceeded.

"I must inform the honorable member," said the speaker, "that an expression of that kind is unwarrantable and must be withdrawn."

Mr. Parnell apologized for having used the expression. "I will say," he added, "that the statement was more worthy of the ingenuity of a petty sessions attorney than of a lawyer of the ability of the honorable and learned gentleman."

The "Six Hundred Ruffians."

On Feb. 23, 1838, Lord Maidstone called the attention of the house to a speech delivered by O'Connell at a political dinner in London, in which he asserted that the Tory election committee of the day—or the committees appointed by the house to try election petitions, a practice which has since been abolished—had stooped to "foul perjury" in order that their friends might retain their seats. A vote of censure on O'Connell, which was moved by Lord Maidstone, was carried by a majority of nine.

A few days later a curious scene was witnessed in the house. O'Connell had to stand up in his place in the crowded chamber while the speaker, James Abercromby, solemnly reproved him for "the false and scandalous imputation" he had cast upon "the honor and conduct of members of the house. It now only remains," said the speaker in conclusion, "that in obedience to the commands of this house I should reprimand you, as I now accordingly do."

The reprimand, however, made no impression upon O'Connell. "I have repented of nothing, I have retracted nothing," said he in the course of a speech he delivered when the speaker resumed his seat, and he concluded by moving for a committee before which to prove his charges. He subsequently described the house of commons—in a speech delivered outside—as "six hundred ruffians."—Nineteenth Century.

His Streak of Humor.

There is a fat boy who sells papers and whose customary stamping ground is the corner of Euclid and Wilson avenues. He is a popular fat boy. He is a fat boy with a humorous streak. He makes funny impromptu remarks on occasions, but usually life with him is too full of car jumping episodes to warrant much levity.

Not long ago he had another boy with him. Perhaps he was coaching the boy, perhaps the newcomer was a rival. Anyway the fat boy was close at the heels of the other boy when a certain car was boarded a few mornings ago.

"Mornin paper!" yelled the new boy. "All about th' big fire in th' shoe shop—17 lives lost!"

The fat boy fiercely yanked the new boy's coattails.

"What's th' matter wid you?" growled the new boy. "Ain't I doin it right?" And he gave the cry again.

"You chump," snorted the fat boy, "you want to say 'souls,' not 'lives.'"

"Theunder," said the new boy, "I forgot."

Then his voice solemnly arose again.

"All about th' big fire in th' shoe shop—17 souls lost."

And the face of the fat boy broadened with wild delight.

And all the passengers enjoyed his amusement as much as they did the evident joke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Korean Geomancers.

The influence of the geomancers extends from the king to his humblest subjects and illustrates the cunning and simplicity which are combined in the Korean character. These professional oracles are consulted on all occasions by all sorts of people. The king never thinks of doing anything without first asking their opinion. They are more important to him than legal advisers are to railways and other corporations that employ them, and they are attached to all the departments of the government. At the same time they are notoriously corrupt, and their advice is always influenced by the payment of money.

If any one desires to obtain a favor from the king he usually endeavors to secure the good offices of the geomancer who is likely to be consulted, and the amount of the bribe corresponds to the importance of the matter. While the geomancer pretends to consult the spirits and observe the movements of the stars, his client knows that it is the money that governs his action. Nevertheless when the client is required to perform some important official act he consults the same old humbug, who has been bribed by some one else to influence his decision, and he is perfectly aware of the fact.—Chautauquan.

Mock Funerals.

Speaking of the mock funerals that used to be so common, especially in the south, a writer in an Alexandria (Va.) paper says: "After the death of President William H. Harrison in 1841 there were mock funerals held, I think, generally over the country, by way of giving expression to the nation's loss and his personal worth. I remember distinctly there gathered upon the square in Charlottesville a band of music, a hearse with empty coffin, pallbearers, ministers of all denominations, military and Masonic orders, students and professors from the university and a large concourse of citizens and that there was formed thence a line that marched to an open grave in a cemetery near the town. The Rev. Richard K. Meade of Christ church, after the coffin was lowered into the grave, read the committal portion of the burial service of the church, the soldiers fired a volley, and the Masons closed the scene with ceremonies usual on such occasions."

Finding a Grave With an Egg.

The Miau-tsze, a little known tribe in Asia, are very superstitious about death and will not bury a man until they have first tested the ground with an egg.

This operation is very curious. While the body is being prepared for burial a number of Miau-tsze, including the male relatives of the deceased, go out to the appointed spot, bearing a large basket of eggs.

Stooping down, one of the natives lets an egg drop softly on the ground. If it breaks, it is considered an ill omen, and another spot is selected. In this way the party often wander about for hours, breaking eggs over the ground until they finally strike a place where the shell does not crack.

THE JAINS.

Men and Women of India Who Strive to Conquer the Lower Nature.

Besides Hindoo or Vedic metaphysics, there are systems in India not based on the Vedas and Upanishads, and therefore classed as heterodox by the Vedists. These are the Buddhist and Jain systems. Much has been written and spoken on Buddhism, but very little on Jainism.

Jain (or, more properly speaking, Jaina) means a follower of Jina, which is a generic term applied to those persons (men and women) that have conquered the lower nature — passion, hatred and the like—and brought into prominence the highest. The Jain philosophy, therefore, bases its doctrine on the absolute necessity (for the realization of truth) of conquering the lower nature. To the undeveloped or insufficiently developed observer, it is the conquering of the lower nature; to the fully developed, it is the realization of the perfect.

There lived many such Jinas in the past, and many will doubtless yet be born. The philosophy of the Jains therefore is not essentially founded on any particular writing or external revelation, but on the unfoldment of spiritual consciousness, the birthright of every soul.

The Jain philosophy teaches that the universe—the totality of realities—is infinite in space and eternal in time, but the same universe, considered from the standpoint of the manifestations of the different realities, is finite in space and noneternal in time. Particular parts of the universe have their cyclic laws corresponding to the laws of evolution and involution. At certain periods arhats, or great masters (saviors of mankind), are born, who, through love, sacrifice of the lower nature (not of the real self) and wisdom, teach the true doctrine. Referring to that part of the world known as Bharata-Khandia (India), the last arhat, Mahavira, was born 598 B. C., in a town called Kundagrama, in the territory of Videha. He lived 72 years and reached moksha (the perfect condition) in 526 B. C.

The Jain philosophy also teaches that each soul (atman) is a separate individuality, uncreated and eternal in existence; that each individual soul has lived from time without beginning in some embodied state, evolving from the lower to the higher condition through the law of karma, or cause and effect; that so long as the karmas (forces generated in previous lives) have not been fully worked out it has, after physical death, to form another body, until through evolutionary processes it unfolds its absolute purity. Its full perfection is then manifested. This perfection of the individuality is the Jain Nirvana, or mukti. The individuality is not merged into anything, neither is it annihilated. The process of this development, or salvation, may be said simply to consist in right realization, right knowledge and right life, the details of which are many.

Personality is changing every moment. The individuality is for every moment the particular stage of unfoldment of the ego itself and is consequently the bearer of the sins and sorrows, pleasures and enjoyments, of mundane life. In absolute perfection this bearing nature is thrown off like a husk, and the ego dwells in divine and eternal bliss. It is not destroyed, nor is it merged into another ego or in a supreme being, and if the question be asked whether in this state of mukti (deliverance) there is one ego or a plurality of egos I would answer in the words of the Jain master: "That atman by which I experienced myself and my essence through self realization—that I am; neither masculine, feminine nor neuter, neither one, two nor many."

The Vedanta metaphysics teach that salvation comes through knowledge (of Brahman). It is not the potential that through effort and conquest becomes the actual, and we are further taught that that which is is real now. On the other hand, Jainism teaches that from the ideal and transcendental standpoint you are Brahman, but its eternality, the real mukti, comes from work and knowledge together, not from one alone. Through work and knowledge, Jainism says, the individual develops and unfolds the potential. Therefore the statement, "I am Brahman," would be interpreted by a Jain to mean I am Brahman only inherently or in embryo; I have the capacity or the actual possibility of Brahman; what I am implicitly must become explicit. There is a vast difference between the implicit and the explicit. Those who do not recognize this difference would never make an attempt to become rational and free.—Virchand R. Gandhi in Mind.

New York the Railroad Center.

"Reasoning Out a Metropolis" is the title of an article in St. Nicholas, written by Ernest Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll says: Railroads began to be built about 1830, and the New Yorkers were soon pushing them out in all directions, supplying the money for extending them farther and farther north and west and connecting them into long systems controlled by one head. Other men in other cities did the same, but by and by it was seen that no railroad between the central west and east could succeed in competition with its rivals unless it reached New York. The great trunk roads, built or aided by the Baltimore men to serve their city, and by the Philadelphia people to bring trade to them, and by the capitalists of New England for their profit, never succeeded, therefore, until they had been pushed on to New York, where the volume of commerce was coming to be as great as or greater than that of all the other American ports put together. Now New York has become the real headquarters of every important railway system in the United States; that is, it is here that the financial operations—the money part of the management—are conducted, though the superintendents of its trains and daily business may keep their offices somewhere else.

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ANIMAL SCAVENGERS.

MAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE'S SANITARY BRIGADE.

An English Writer's Plea For a Better Appreciation of the Birds and Beasts That Help to Keep the Earth Free From Pestilence and Plague.

We human beings are odd in our attitude toward the animal world, in our likes and dislikes of the creatures of our own class and other classes of animals. We seem to base our feelings on no logical ground of reciprocity, of good will, of gratitude or the reverse, but rather on some almost inexplicable whim. Certain creatures are without reason given a bad name, and no proof of service rendered will ever reinstate them. Others are popular favorites and may steal grain and make life hideous with their discordant cries. The entire snake tribe, for example, is anathema with all right minded folk, though if they were asked the reason of their prejudice they would, with a pitiful and superior shrug, be driven back in all probability on the ridiculous translation of Holy Writ, which, however deep in its charm, cannot be relied upon in matters zoological.

It is a fact that, though few would credit it, a gentleman charged not long ago in an evening paper with needless persecution of our common, harmless snake quoted in his defense some ancient injunction about bruising the creature's head in retaliation for an apocryphal bruising of his own heel. As a matter of truth and not Scripture, serpents do not bruise our heel, but are only too glad to glide away from it. I understand that in the breeding season there are certain Indian snakes that resent uninvited witnesses of their nuptial ceremonies and go the length of chasing them off the premises. This may or may not be the case, but I have tramped after kangaroo through miles of tall grass simply infested (as proved by periodic fires) with snakes, venomous and otherwise, without coming in contact with one, although gaiters to the knee were de rigueur on such occasions in case of accident.

The vituperation, however, reserved for the reptile is not more forcible than that meted out to the whole unpaid company of nature's scavengers, and it is to this very remarkable ingratitude that it seems time to draw attention. It cannot, it is true, be claimed for these useful servants that they possess beauty or charm of manner, but there are folks who are ornamental, others merely useful, and the earth would not be pleasant without either. It would not, for instance, be correct to assert that the gentlemen who, under the auspices of the sanitary board, impel gentle streams of water down the classic and verdant slopes that lead from Covent Garden to the Strand are among the most picturesque individuals in that neighborhood, but it would be equally futile to deny their place in the scheme of the creation.

Death is ever busy to render this earth an unclean abode. This, apparent even in these latitudes, has a very much more serious aspect in tropical lands, where the burning caress of a pitiless sun brings decay close on the steps of death, and the corpse but an hour old is already at work poisoning the surrounding air and spreading the germs of disease. To frustrate this baleful work nature has enlisted an efficient army of scavengers, drawn from all classes, and commissioned to keep pure the earth and cleanse it of all that is foul. It might be expected that a rational generation would not be slow to recognize the value of such officials and would give them at least protection and consideration.

Yet it is actually a fact that, so far from according these invaluable creatures the same kindly forbearance that is given unstintingly to thousands of small fowl, more picturesque perhaps, but certainly more harmful, we have not, most of us, a good word to say for any one serving in the scavenging brigade, and the encomiast who should plead their cause, individually or as a class, would run the risk of being voted eccentric. The very names of the creatures call up all the worst epithets applicable to the brute world. Vultures are repulsive; hyenas, for all the world as if they subscribed to the national church, are called sacrilegious because they rifle graves; for sharks no term is strong enough, and the honest sailor who occasionally contrives to haul one of those ocean scavengers aboard metes out to it treatment that would be worthier of the Grand Turk of tradition.

Nature, not being a European power, keeps her forces in readiness where they are needed, in consequence of which the scavengers muster in strength in hot countries. Vultures wander but rarely to these parts, and such sharks as occur are with few exceptions but minnows of their race. Yet we have even in these islands humbler purifiers at work, tadpoles and burying beetles and others suitable to the comparatively easy work that falls to them.

One of these days, when natural history is taught in a rational manner in our schools, when the rising generation learns to appreciate the living world around instead of banging pianos and splashing pigments, we shall have a recantation of the modern zoological faith and a better appreciation of the beasts and birds. We shall find nothing to shudder at in the meal of the vulture, but we may, on the contrary, even learn to protect that remarkable bird and its fellow scavengers as among the worthiest of earth's children. To the last the vulture is active in its allotted mission, and when at length it falls no living beast or bird or insect will touch its body, and it must crumble quietly to dust, a lasting—somewhat too lasting, as those know who have camped near an undiscovered dead vulture for some days—monument to the usefulness of the great scavenging army of which it once was so active a member.—F. G. Aflalo in Saturday Review.

Longest Year on Record.

The year B. C. 46, by order of Julius Cæsar, the then reigning Roman emperor, contained 445 days. To clear away all the confusion which had previously existed in reconciling the lunar with the solar year, Cæsar, with the help of Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, undertook a thorough reform of the calendar. He effected it by making the year now called 46 B. C., "the year of confusion," consist of 445 days, and the succeeding years of 365 days, with the exception of every fourth year, which was to consist of 366. This method is called the Julian calendar.

The number of days in the months from January to December before Cæsar's time had been respectively 29, 28, 31, 29, 31, 29, 31, 29, 29, 31, 29, 29. These numbers Cæsar changed to 31 and 30 alternately, with the exception of February, which was to have 29 in ordinary years and 30 in leap years. In honor of himself he changed to July the name of the month that followed June. The Pontiffs in applying the Julian calendar went wrong by inserting leap year every three years instead of every four years, and this continued till the year now called 8 B. C., when the Emperor Augustus ordained there should be no leap year for twelve years, which made leap year occur in 4 A. D. At the same time Augustus gave his own name to the month following July, adding one day to it, which he took away from February.

A Miscellaneous Collection.

There is nothing particularly entertaining about passing the plate or collecting box through a congregation at the best, but the monotony of merely dropping in coins is varied in quite a lively way in India, it seems, from an account given in The Indian Witness of a meeting at Kasgunj. The writer says: "At a signal, the preaching table was removed, a space was cleared, and the giving began. With pencil in hand, I took an inventory as rapidly as I could, for all moved on very briskly and without any western tricks of simulation.

"Animals were 'put into the hat.' A frisky kid was led up by a string and tied to the horns of the altar, or rather leg of the preaching stand. Then came a fine goat. A cock and hen were added. Then came a brace of whistling chicks. Grain was contributed. Wheat, barley, peas, rice, sheaves and flour were poured into the area. Clothing and jewelry were piled on the table, and the list runs: Coats, a shawl, stockings, turbans, cotton thread, ribbons, an umbrella and toe and finger rings. Sundry things flowed in, as eggs, sweets, spices, books, a lotah, bread and a large pile of wood. Two men, apparently brickmakers, reported 500 bricks contributed. Cash jingled down and cowries rattled. Rupees 63 13-6 were counted up, and there were several bits of promissory scrip, which the brace of chicks sent flying as they fluttered about.'

Ready For Duty.

J. W. Scherer, in his "Daily Life During the Indian Mutiny," says that when the rains fell, bringing with them fever and cholera, the horrors of the campaign were, of course, redoubled. When the outbreak came, some men, holding isolated positions until the last moment of safety, were compelled to flee through almost incredible difficulties and dangers.

One man, Mowbray Thomson, when interrogated about the hardships he had undergone, spoke of them with the utmost simplicity, as if they were ordinary circumstances, to be looked for in "the day's work" of life.

"Some years after a London banker, sitting next me at dinner, began talking about Thomson, and asked me if I had met him. I told him that I had seen him every day for a year or two.

"'Well,' said he, 'I met him once in London, and I shall never forget an answer he made to a question of mine.'

"'What was the question?'

"I asked him, 'When you got once more among your countrymen, and the whole terrible thing was over, what on earth was the first thing you did?'

"'Did?' cried he. 'Why, I went and reported myself as present and ready for duty!'"

Bismarck Was a Religious Man.

No man could have had less taste for dogmatical discussions than Bismarck, and yet his was essentially a religious nature. A deep sense of reverence and true humility in face of the enigmas of nature was among the mainsprings of his religious feeling. On one occasion he expressed himself to Herr von Poschinger with regard to the doctrine of metempsychosis—a doctrine in which Count Moltke was also deeply interested. With Bismarck it may have been only a fleeting, fanciful thought—as Herr von Poschinger assures me it was—but what Bismarck said on the subject was eminently characteristic of the man. "If I had to choose the form in which I should prefer to live again," he said, "I am not so sure that I should not like to be an ant. You see," he said, "that little creature lives in a state of perfect political organization. Every one of them is obliged to work—lead a useful life; every one is industrious. There is complete subordination, discipline and order among the ants. They are happy, for they work."—Sydney Whitman in Harper's Magazine.

Chinese Music.

The Chinese have eight instruments for making their ritual music—the bell, the flute, the drum, the sonorous stone, the fife, the plume, the shield and the ax. The last three make no music, but are used as decoration or emblem in the musical ceremonies and are enumerated as musical instruments. In every ceremony there are always two instruments of each kind, sometimes as many as four or six, never an odd number, in order to emphasize the duality of the Chinese people. For instance, one drum announces the beginning of the music and its mate strikes the last note; one bell calls and its counterpart answers.

EASTERN SHORE DIALECT.

Queer Expressions In Common Use Among Natives of Maryland.

Here on the eastern shore, which from its opportunities should be one of the most enlightened instead of most benighted regions of the country, a teacher in the public schools or a minister of the gospel, no less than any member of the common herd, could never fail in telling of his lack of luck in fishing to say, "I was gone all day and never caught either fish," or on meeting with similar want of success in hunting would declare he "saw plenty of rabbits, but never got either one."

Among these people there are no early vegetables or fruit grown, but "forward" potatoes, cabbage, corn, strawberries, etc., are quite common. I have even heard the remark, "The forward bird catches the worm." Here rails are not used in constructing the old fashioned worm fence, only fence "logs," although they be split as Lincoln made them in his "forward" days.

What are called sawlogs in other states are "chunks" here, regardless of length and size. One never sees a cornerib hereabout, but "cornstalks" (buildings in which maize is stored at gathering time) are found on every farm. There are no barnyards or stable lots either. All such things are given the name of "pound."

The universal misuse of the word "head" is ridiculous, if not ludicrous. A man has five or six or ten "head" of children or visitors on a Sunday, but he never applies the word head to his stock. Our congressman, who operates a large mill here, if asked how many hands he employs would tell you so many or about so many "head." Recently a news item in one of the county papers was headlined, "Big Revival In Progress—Four Head Baptized."

Quite as general, as well among the white as among the colored portion of the population, is the use of "d" for "th" in the words the, this, that, they and them. The prepositions "in" and "into" are basely mistreated, the first by neglect, the other by overworking it. Nobody has money invested "in" stocks, land, merchandise and the like, but always "into" them. Ask a man what his farm or horse is worth and he'll answer by telling you what amount of money he has invested "into" it. One never has a hole in his trousers or a dollar "in" his pocket, but "into" them or it. I heard a lady teacher say she had lost her portemonnaie. "But, thank fortune," she added, "there wasn't a penny into it."

People never haul anything here, but carry it. A man carries his wife or family to church, his wood or crops to the railroad station or boat landing, his cattle to pasture or his chunks to the steam mill, never sawmill. Whatever he takes into his arms or on his shoulder to convey from one place to another, he totes, instead of carries. There are no buggies or phaetons here, every vehicle used exclusively to ride in being a carriage, if it has more than two wheels. The land is of two kinds, hard and kind. Hard land is chiefly clay and kind land mostly sand. The land is never broke when plowed, but flushed, never harrowed, but drug to make the surface fine. Crops when tilled with a cultivator are harrowed, and a cultivator is known here only as a harrow, while a harrow is called a drag.

Teams, except when attached to carriages, are driven without reins or lines. The driver, whether walking or riding, directs his team by his word of mouth, supplemented with a long lashed whip. When he wants his team—horses, mules or oxen—to go or turn to the right, he halloos "gee-a." If he wants a short turn to the left he yells "petty-ewo," but if only a slight diversion in that direction he ejaculates "ha-ther" (pronounced like "father") in a subdued tone. To stop his team he yells "wo-back," loud enough to stop a train, and the team usually halts within a space of ten rods. The familiar "gee," "haw," "ho" or "whoa" of our Ohio boyhood days is not heard in this country, and the use of a single line on the leader of a team is unknown.

No odds how wicked the natives may be in this part of the moral vineyard, none is so abandoned as to use the word hello. They consider it shocking profanity, worse indeed than downright "cussin." Heigh-ho is the word they enjoy instead.—John A. Geeting in Indiana School Journal.

The Old Jewish New Year's.

The Jew verily believed that on Rosh Hoshanna, or New Year's day, as is proclaimed in the Unesaneh Tokef, the man's fortune during the ensuing year was ordained by heavenly fiat; the books, not fictitious and imaginary books, but records substantial and real, are opened, man's life in the past year is recorded therein, read, and judgment rendered. The doom could be averted by "repentance, prayer and charity." And charity was practiced more during those days than at any other period. In those days no preacher needed to exhort his congregation to do charity.

Every Friday the sincere, pious Jew set aside such part of his week's earnings as in his loving heart he could spare, and by discreet hand it was distributed among the poor. There was no collector needed to gather in the tithe, but the Jew gave that part of his earnings freely to those who had to depend upon the bounty of their more fortunate brethren for their support. Bnai Yisrael rachmonim hem, the children of Israel, are compassionate, was a saying which every true Jew was anxious to live up to and did live up to.—Minorah Magazine.

A Ball at Balmoral, 1860.

Nobody was in mourning, as it was a birthday, the queen in white, with a floating sash of royal Stuart tartan from her shoulders; about half the men in kilts. The queen made a circle, and then we went into the ballroom, where about 150 of the tenants, servants, etc., with their wives and daughters, were assembled. Reels then began, which were danced with great energy and also jigs—very droll. Prince Arthur danced like mad, and Princess Alice was "weel ta'en out" by the gamekeeper. I stood in a corner talking with the Duke of Argyll, etc. At last the prince came round and conversed very courteously for ten minutes. He had heard I had been in Germany lately, so we soon got into the heart of German and Austrian questions.

All this lasted two hours, and then the queen withdrew into the supper room, where there were sandwiches and champagne. She went round again and talked to Lord Melville, behind whom I was standing, and then made me a very gracious bow, but without saying anything to myself. — "Memoirs of Henry Reeve."

The God of Love.

Almost as ancient as the earth herself was Eros, the personification of love. Hesiod relates that he was among the first of existing things, and that he assisted earth in bringing forth from chaos the earliest forms of life and beauty. Aristophanes and others wrote of Eros as the son of night. Later poets sang of him as the son of Ares and Aphrodite and honored him as the sweet minded promoter of human affections. They represented him as a fair faced boy, winged and carrying a bow with which to inflict sweet wounds upon those who came within range. Nor has Eros ceased to exist even in this practical age, for to this day the poets sing of this little winged god, as skillful and as pitiless as in the days of old. The philosophic myth of Eros and Psyche is one of the most beautiful of the ancient allegories.

E. W. Grove This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Bishop Dudley.

Bishop Dudley says that when he first told his friends in Baltimore that he was coming to Kentucky some of them were astonished.

"You're not going to Kentucky, are you?" asked one startled man.

"Yes, indeed."

"Why, do you know what kind of a state that is? I saw in the paper where a man killed another in Kentucky for treading on a dog." The bishop said nothing, and the man said impatiently, "What're you going to do about it?"

"I'm not going to tread on the dog," was the bishop's answer.

"One of the first places I visited in Kentucky," said the bishop, "was Lebanon, where I went with our friend Waller there. I 'killed' Lebanon at one visit. * * * I went to bed at the tavern and left Waller sitting up. I thought I must have slept half the night when I was awakened by a vigorous controversy in the room. I peered out of the bed and saw Waller still sitting up. Beside him was a big, rawbone man in his shirt sleeves.

"'Waal, I want this hyar question settled,' the shirt sleeved man was saying. 'Thar's a 'Piscopal down my way what says you's got to w'ar a white or black gown. Naw, how about it? I wants the bishop to settle it. Do you have to wear white or black?'

"I spoke up. 'I'm the bishop,' I said, 'and I'll say that I'm not particular. I'll preach in a white or pink gown if anybody will listen to me.'"—Sioux City Journal.

A Trout Fishing Frog.

A very singular incident was brought to my notice during a visit to Lake Vyrnwy, in North Wales. A year or two ago the breeding ponds were being cleaned out, and when there was but little water remaining the man in charge—from whom I heard the story—observed a peculiar looking fish swimming about. It was captured with the aid of a landing net and proved to be a trout of nearly half a pound in weight. Clasped firmly around its back and shoulders was a live frog of ordinary size. The belly of the frog rested on the back of the trout, just behind the gills, and its legs were extended round and under the fish, gripping it closely.

Considerable force had to be exerted in order to separate the pair, when the frog hopped away and the trout died a few seconds later. The scales of the trout were dark and discolored where this novel Old Man of the Sea had rested, tracing out distinctly its shape. So it is probable that the fish had been troubled with this unusual incumbrance for several days. The habits of frogs are peculiar in various respects, and students of natural history may find food for reflection in this incident. My informant is an exceedingly intelligent man, on whose word I place implicit reliance.—St. James Gazette.

His Idea of the English.

The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England, and on receiving a negative reply continued:

"Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street, these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people!' When I was in London, I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister.

"We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us, 'French people! French people!'"—"Memoirs of Victor Hugo."

A CASE OF IT.

Many More Like It In Portsmouth.

The following case is but one of many similar occurring daily in Portsmouth. It is an easy matter to verify its correctness. Surely you cannot ask for better proof than such conclusive evidence.

Mr. George W. Lord of 11 Congress street, says:—"Occasionally I had an attack of lame back and pain in the loins. The latter was caused from simply moving a small stand as I was retiring for the night. I felt it all through me, causing a sort of nausea a disagreeable sensation in the head, tenderness over the loins, backache and trouble with the kidney secretions. At first the pain was acute, then it settled down to a dull grinding ache. I happened to read something about Doan's Kidney Pills. The recommendations were so positive and the representations were so convincing I concluded to try them and went to Philbrick's pharmacy and got a box. I only took a few doses before they relieved me. The second night after taking them I was able to sleep soundly all the time. Soon I was quite free from the aching, lameness and other inconveniences."

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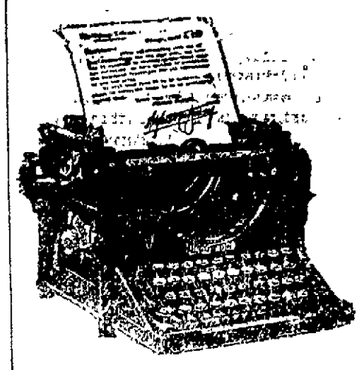

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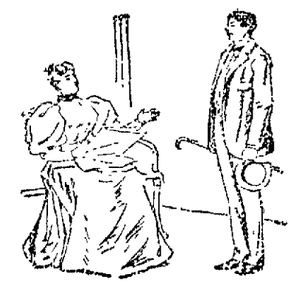

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Advertising rates reasonable and made known upon application.

Communications should be addressed

HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1902.

One promising young bicycle rider in the professional ranks almost instantly killed, and another in the hospital severely, if not fatally, injured, by accidents occuring while they were "following pace," illustrate the dangers attending that popular branch of sport. There can be no questioning the skill, courage, coolness and quick judgment required to achieve prominence in professional bicycle racing as now conducted; but for all that, the winning of races through the aid of pace-makers seems to the outsider very like the winning of swimming matches by the aid of steamboats. It is the rider who, depending solely on his own skill, strength and endurance, beats all others riding similarly, who deserves the title of champion; but the unpaced rider now attracts little notice, and the man who can get around the track quickest in tow of a tandem or a steam engine wins the applause, the glory and the money.

Govenor Jefferson Davis of Arkansas, who recently secured a little cheap notoriety, which he probably mistook for fame, by publicly announcing that he would pardon any negro convicted of crime on condition that the convict would become a citizen of Massachusetts within thirty days, seems to have had a string ready to be tied to his proposed pardon. A member of the Arkansas legislature who applied for a pardon of a negro named Armstrong, serving four years for forgery, was told that before the pardon would be granted the negro must be furnished with a ticket to Boston. The applicant went off and got a ticket, paying $34 for it, and returned with it to the governor, who then declined to grant the pardon until the services of an officer to accompany the negro to Boston, and remain there until the negro established his citizenship in Massachusetts were secured. As this would require the officer to live in Boston for six months, that being the period required to attain citizenship in Massachusetts, the string attached to Gov. Davis' pardon appears to be of about the thickness of a towing hawser. After all, Gov. Davis does not seem to be quite such a consummate donkey as his first move indicated him to be. Perhaps he has been trying the water cure.

SMITH AS A FIDDLER.

The following, taken from Frank Carpenter's letter in Saturday's Star, comes too late for use in Congress, but its suggestion should not be lost:

"I might fill this paper with stories of the lying schemes of the Filipinos to entice our men into ambush. I have room for but one. This relates to Gen. Jake Smith, who made the cage of railroad irons near Bautista and filled it with Filipinos. The insurgents knew of the bravery of Smith and they were anxious to capture him. They persuaded the presidente of the town to get up a grand ball and have Smith attend, expecting to bolo him on his way home. The daring officer learned of the plot. He went to the ball and found there fifty guests, including the most prominent men and most beautiful senoritas of the district. He played the violin for several of the dances and later on tripped the light fantastic toe with the prettiest of our brown-skinned cousins. He left the ball about 3 o'clock in the morning and with his troops captured the kidnappers and then put them in his railroad jail."

While the comparison with Nero was running how valuable this would have been! Both fiddlers. Both proud of their command of the instrument. Both indulging themselves in times of widespread public distress. Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Smith fiddled while Bautista bowled. But he did more than that. He went, as it were, Nero one better. He "shook his foot" while others fiddled. He was unfeeling enough to dance and enjoy himself at a function given for the purpose of bringing about his assassination. He was discourteous enough to deceive his host and affect hilarity when he felt it not.

For, mark you, all this time Smith's mind was dwelling on those friendly gentlemen on the outside who had arranged to murder him. He was wondering whether his plans to take them in would succeed. He could but be a little anxious, because while he was sawing the catgut for the Filipinos to dance, and dancing himself while one of them sawed, he had to trust some subordinate to keep the proper track of the squad with the bolos. While Smith was fiddling, therefore, or swinging corners in the dance, and giving the appearance of a man merry as a lark, his heart was hot within him.

His scheme worked, and he nabbed the gentlemen who had arranged to nab him. But right there—unfortunately for Sibley, Rawlins, Tillman, Carmack, et al.—the comparison with Nero breaks down. We can easily imagine what Nero would have done in the circumstances. Those Filipinos would have been roasted at the stake. But Smith —Hell-Roarin' Jake—simply clapped them into the guardhouse. He didn't even give them the water cure.

What could have made this terror in American uniform so mild on this occasion? Maybe the fiddling. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Maybe it was the dancing. The fiercest man is softened by treading measures with a lively partner. And of course Smith danced with the pick of the assembly.—Washington Star.

SNAP-SHOTS.

It is hinted that, after all, the Panama conspirators may have fired a bomb under Mont Pelee.

Croker says that he never interfered with Nixon, and that he is out of politics, but nobody believes him.

King Edward ought to feel flattered by the amount of discussion his coronation has aroused in this country.

David B. Hill occasionally reminds his opponents that it is never absolutely safe to accept a politician or a volcano as extinct.

At any rate, Spain can claim that she is ahead even of the age in the matter of employing young blood in her business as a monarchy.

The fact that the Philadelphia Record brought about $3,000,000 is proof that Philadelphia is not slow to appreciate reliable newspapers.

The weather bureau has been obliged to postpone its annual hottest-days on record series a little, but a start will be made in a week or so.

The Washington Star calls attention to the fact that the large theater hat has disappeared, but the person who talks loud during the play and keeps time with his feet still lingers.

Trusts that monopolize the people's food supply, raise prices to pay big dividends and oppress the multitude will hear from the people, and the ax will be laid where Mary wore the beads.

CLIPPINGS.

A locomotive going at express speed gives 1056 puffs per mile. Some men believe that a newspaper should contain as many puffs for them in one column.—Newburyport News.

If the beef trust feels that the necessities of the situation require another cent and a half raise we hope that no false sense of modesty will prevent it from saying so.—Manchester Mirror.

Little Alphonso XIII has his crown on at last and it is said to be on straight, but will it stay put? Crowns are light baubles after all, and the breezes which blow around that of Spain are particularly lively.—Kennebec Journal.

One thing seems to be certain and that is that Gaynor and Greene, the absconding contractors, will have to pay out a considerable part of their ill-gotten gains to the lawyers. It will be some consolation to see them despoiled of their boodle even if they escape extradition.—Portland Press.

The reign of bureaucracy in the navy department is apparently at an end. The new secretary has declared himself to be of the opinion that the place for men we educate for naval service is on the deck of a ship and not behind a desk in a Washington office, and there appears to be a unanimity in sentiment on that point in congress.—Haverhill Gazette.

In retiring from his brief and troubled term as the nominal head of Tammany, Mr. Nixon said: "I find that I cannot retain my self-respect and the leadership of Tammany Hall." Of course he could not; no man could. The remarkable thing about it is that being a man of intelligence Mr. Nixon did not appreciate what it meant to be set up as Croker's dummy.—Kennebec Journal.

A Greenfield clergyman proposes to visit certain golf links in his town on Sunday and if he finds a good sized crowd gathered he intends to move against the continuance of the sport, but if he finds only a few playing he will not move. In other words he does not think it worth while to prosecute the poor sinners who play golf and ball, if they don't play it well enough to attract a crowd of spectators, but if the people are actually enjoying themselves watching the game he thinks it his duty to interfere. That's a queer religion he has got, or is he simply determined to shut off competition?—Haverhill Gazette.

DEATH OF COL. WILLIAM BEALS.

Colonel William Beals, the noted decorator of Boston, died at his home in that city on Sunday, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. Col. Beals was the principal decorator at the time of the first return of the Sons and Daughters of Portsmouth, in 1853, and he held the same position on the occassion of the mammoth celebration when the absent children of Old Strawberry Bank again returned to their native heath in 1873, twenty years later.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

Here is a rat story which is hard to beat, but the Kennebec Journal assures us solemnly that it is true. "Frank Gaslin," says the Journal, "has been troubled with an over abundance of the rodents in his restaurant on upper Water street. Monday night, he set a trap, just a common, everyday wire rat trap, hoping that he would succeed in ridding himself of a part of the drove which was troubling him. Yesterday morning, he had a trap full. There wasn't space enough left inside that wire cage to admit the end of a rat's nose and wherever there was a chance for a rat's tail or leg to protrude between the wires it was sticking out. There was enough rat steak inside that trap to supply a regiment of Chinese soldiers for a long campaign. Mr. Gaslin took the trap outside the store and about that time a small rat terrier dog came along. The rats were let out, one at a time, and the dog captured them. When the battle was over there was a pile of twenty-two rats and a very weary dog as the evidences of the fray. Twenty-two rats in one trap is not bad, but it is said that there would have been more if there had been room in the trap." Undoubtedly!

Mr. Lovell, wittingly or unwittingly, has been the means of making the editor of the Dover Democrat lose a lot of sleep since the opening of that Hampton river bridge, as the following pathetic wail clearly indicates:

"There was some sort of a dedication of some electric railroad bridge at Hampton yesterday, but as we were not invited the Democrat has only common report that something of the sort came off. But we shall continue to do business at the old stand just the same."

From the columns of the Democrat is also culled this cheerful yarn about a canary bird: "Max Goldburg has a canary bird that he has always prized very highly but since yesterday noon he prizes the bird more highly than ever before. Yesterday morning he went to his shoe store on Central avenue which is some distance from his house. He had been at work but a short time when a canary bird flew into his store. A man who was present attempted to catch the bird but all to no avail. The bird flew from place to place and would not let the man get near him. When Max started in to catch the bird it flew down on to his hand and appeared to be very much at home. Max got a box and put the bird into it. He at first thought he would get a cage to put the bird in but later thought that he would advertise the bird so the owner could have his property. He took the bird home with him at noon and on entering the house he went to look for his own bird, but the cage was empty. He then saw that the window of this room was open and then it flashed across his mind that the bird which flew into his store was his own. When he watered the bird in the morning before leaving for his work he did not shut the cage properly and the bird got out. He then flew out through the window to the store. It is strange that the bird should go to Mr. Goldburg's store, but such are the facts of the case."

The Portland Advertiser has established a "Hall of Fame" for Maine people with odd or striking names. Editor Dunning begins his collection of curios by drawing on his imagination and his list of acquaintances for James Blaine John Logan Fauntleroy Withee of Bangor, Bunch Hoswip and Anno Domini Brown of Brewer and Mrs. Relief Briar of Belfast.

"I have been in the business for nine years," says a drug clerk, "and up-to-date I have learned of 3,697 cures for rheumatism which regularly licensed physicians know nothing about—or at least if they do, they don't recommend them. People come in suffering from rheumatism—and it's queer that people who suffer from rheumatism all seem to look and act alike—and present a doctor's prescription. The first thing they want to know is how much it's going to cost. I look over the prescription and tell them, and then they invariably rear up on their hind legs and howl. They tell me about the virtues of something that cured Uncle Henry—goat's milk, drunk at three o'clock every morning; a raw onion carried in the left hand hip pocket; a horse chestnut carried in the vest pocket, magnetic rings—oh, all sorts of things that I've made notes of. It has become so that I am discouraged over the chances of filling a prescription for a rheumatic patient."

The old First Parish cemetery over in Alfred is fruitful in unique curiosities of epitaphy, of which this legend is a fair sample:

John Hall, 1762-1813.
May he rest in peace till we meet again.
His Loving Wife.

A young fellow struck Norway, Me., last week with a new snide game. He had lost his hand, he said, in a mill accident, and was begging money to get home with. Suspicions were aroused and when he was searched it was found that his hand was there all right enough, except rather dirty and carefullly kept up inside his shirt sleeve. He had gathered in a pint of ten cent pieces, more than that of nickels, and two pounds of coppers. He will not beg any more in that section for a time.

WORMS

Hundreds of Children and Adults have worms but are treated for other diseases. The symptoms are—indigestion, with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath; hard and full belly with occasional gripings and pains about the navel, eyes heavy and dull, itching of the nose, short, dry cough, grinding of the teeth, starting during sleep, slow fever, and often in children, convulsions.

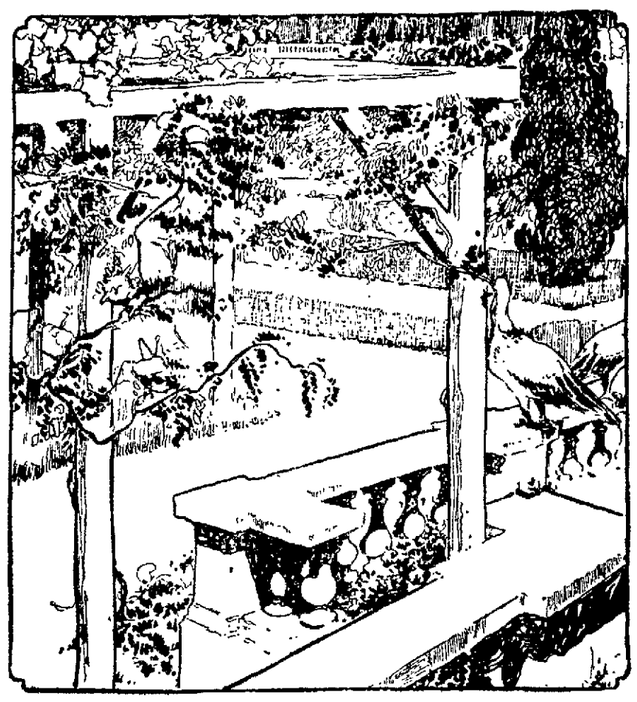
TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

is the best worm remedy made. It has been in use since 1870, is purely vegetable, harmless and effectual. Where no worms are present it acts as a Tonic, and corrects the condition of the mucous membranes of the stomach and bowels. A positive cure for Constipation and Biliousness, and a valuable remedy in all the common complaints of children. Price 35 cents. Ask your druggist for it.

Dr. J. F. TRUE & Co., Auburn, Me.

Special treatment for Tape Worms. Free pamphlet

The Herald's Daily Puzzle.



WHERE IS THE GARDENER?

HOOD FARM AUCTION SALE OF JERSEYS AND BERKSHIRES.

Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass., is so well known to the readers of this paper that it is not necessary to go into details in regard to the high quality of the stock owned at that great breeding establishment. June 11 and 12, 1902, they will sell to the highest bidder 190 head of Jersey cattle and 125 Berkshire hogs. This is the greatest sale of the kind ever held in New England. There is such a large number and many of the calves are so young, that those who do not wish to pay the high prices usually brought by registered stock will be able to get some very desirable individuals at a great bargain. Every dairyman and farmer can afford to get something to enrich his herd, either a bull, a heifer or a pig. It is the opportunity of a lifetime. Those who cannot go, but have friends who will attend should commission them to use their judgment in selecting something from these famous herds. The catalogue, which Hood's Farm has published, give a great deal of information to those interested in Jerseys and Berkshires, and it is a work of art. It will be sent to all who write for it.

THE DEMOCRAT WILL HELP.

The Dover Democrat of Monday contains the following paragraph:

In an interview Saturday with a Portsmouth Herald reporter, Mr. Wallace D. Lovell among other things, had the following to say:

You may also say, if you wish, that I fully expect to secure a charter for road between this city and Dover when the New Hampshire legislature meets next winter, and as soon as I secure the charter, I shall begin to build the road.

We wish Mr. Lovell all success in the above efforts. He can count on the loyal support of the Democrat in this much desired enterprise.

DRIVERS' UNION.

The Driver's union has organized with the following officers:

President, Howard E. Spinney.
Recording secretary, George M. Bickford.
Financial secretary, Patrick D. Shea.

It was decided to hold the regular meetings on the first Tuesday of each month.

HORSE STOLEN.

The police were notified this noon of the theft of a horse in Newburyport, and were requested to be on the lookout for the animal, in case the thief should have come this way.

Don't let the little ones suffer from eczema or other torturing skin diseases. No need for it. Doan's Ointment cures. Can't harm the most delicate skin. At any drug store, 50 cents.

"Hear! Hear!"

The parliamentary "Hear, hear!" was not always an expression of approval. So one learns from Dr. Murray's dictionary. The phrase was originally "Hear him, hear him!" used as an exclamation to call attention to a speaker's words. We have a record of its use in 1689 and as late as 1763. A member of the house of commons in 1768, being interrupted in a speech by a "Hear!" retorted, "That very word, 'Hear!' I dread of all others," and a member in 1770 referred to its use as "disorderly." The unabridged form, "Hear him!" was in use so late as the beginning of the present century. Lord Stanhope tells us, in his "Life of Pitt," that when that statesman reappeared in the house of commons in May, 1803, after a long absence in opposition, he was hailed as he passed up the gangway with cries of "Hear him!" Francis Horner, who was in the strangers' gallery, noted as a remarkable thing that when Pitt rose to deliver his memorable speech on that occasion he was cheered—met with cries of "Hear him!"—before he had uttered a word. We have warmer blood nowadays.—London Chronicle.

Colorado Trout.

"Colorado will be the greatest trout state in America," said J. J. Stranahan recently. Mr. Stranahan is the superintendent of the United States fish commission station at Put-In-Bay, O., and recently attended the fish commissioners' convention at Omaha.

"Colorado," continued the superintendent, "is peculiarly adapted for the propagation of trout, although not for many other species of the finny tribe. Moreover, the red speckled or what you might call the eastern trout will thrive perhaps better in Colorado than in its native streams. I fished at Bailey Station, this state, in 1879, and took from the streams there 332 black speckled beauties in one day. That gave me an idea of what the streams were capable.

"Possibly you do not know it, but Leadville's trout hatchery is the largest in point of production of any in the United States. It is propagating millions of the species, and the fry, when turned into the creeks, multiply in a surprising manner. Aside from the big rainbow trout, Colorado is going to be the spot ideal in America for sport of this character. When you advertise your gold mines, tell also of your trout streams."—Denver Post.

About Ponies.

The Shetland ponies are not so common, it seems to me, as they used to be in the States. Perhaps this is because the Canadian ponies are so cheap and are brought here in great numbers. The best place to see the Shetland pony is on his own native ground. As one sees them there, coming into town on market days, they are so well broken that no bridle is needed, and a string around the neck serves the purpose of a rein. Upon their backs the pack saddles, which are often as large as filled with peat and grass that the loads seems too big and heavy for the little cows.

In Iceland there are plenty of ponies. They have flourished there for many generations and form a special breed. They are used for many kinds of work, and, being strong and hardy, they are very serviceable to the inhabitants of the island. The country is rough and hilly, but the ponies are sure footed and have great endurance.

The island of Oesel, one of the largest in the Baltic sea, has its own special breed of ponies; tough, sturdy little fellows they are and highly prized for their beauty and other more valuable qualities.—Our Animal Friends.

Growing.

The New York Times calls the attention of growing girls and boys to the fact that while they are growing they are forming their figures for life. Drooping the shoulders a little, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks more than the other, do not tend to form a straight figure or a graceful, easy carriage.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house walk up to the wall and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once, then in that attitude walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out, and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A southern school teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head well raised.

The Tropical Beauty of Porto Rico.

Edwin Emerson, Jr., contributes an article entitled "Alone In Porto Rico" to The Century. Mr. Emerson thus describes one of his rides in the interior of the island:

A cool sea breeze blew from the coast and stirred up the fragrance of the tropical foliage covering the hills on either side of the road. Bright humming birds darted about, and from the woods came the incessant cooing of the mountain dove, the paloma, relieved occasionally by the song of warbling vireos. My heart sang with them as I rode, and I felt altogether too well to worry about the fate hanging over my friend at Ponce, nor did I bother to think of my own uncertain destiny. All round me hirtella bushes were flowering crimson, and the stately sabino tree, with its immense white flowers and silvery leaves, perfumed the soft air. It seemed to me as if I had found the loveliest spot on earth.

LABOR UNION DIRECTORY

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Vice Pres., James Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Francis Quinn.
Composed of delegates from all the local unions.
Meets at A. O. H. hall, fourth Sunday of each month.

FEDERAL UNION.

Pres., Gordon Preble;
Sec., E. W. Clark.
Meets in A. O. H. hall second and fourth Fridays of each month.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, NO. 483.

Pres., William B. Randall;
Vice Pres., Harrison O. Hoitt;
Rec. Sec., Miss Z. Gertrude Young;
Sec. Treas., Arthur G. Brewster;
Sergt.at Arms, Wilbur B. Shaw.
Meets in Peirce hal,l second Saturday of each month.

PAINTERS.

Pres., William T. Lyons;
Rec. Sec., Donald A.Randall.
Meets first and third Fridays of each month, in G. A. R. hall.

COOPER'S UNION.

Pres., Stanton Truman;
Sec., John Molloy.
Meets second Tuesday of each month in G. A. R. hall, Daniel street.

MIXERS AND SERVERS, NO. 309.

Pres., John Harrington;
Sec., William Dunn.
Meets in Hibernian hall, first and third Sundays of each month.

HOD-CARRIERS.

Pres., E. P. Gidney;
Sec., M. J. Miller.
Meets 38 Market street, first Monday of the month.

GROCERY CLERKS.

Pres., William Harrison;
Sec., Walter Staples.
Meets first and third Thursdays of the month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

TEAMSTERS UNION.

Pres., John Gorman;
Sec., James D. Brooks.
Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BARBERS.

Pres., John Long;
Sec., Frank Ham.
Meets in Longshoremen's hall, first Friday of each month.

GRANITE CUTTERS.

Pres., John T. Mallon;
Sec., James McNaughton.
Meets third Friday of each month at A. O. H. hall.

CARPENTERS UNION.

Pres., Frank Donnett;
Rec. Sec., John Parsons.
Meets in G. A. R. hall, second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

LONGSHOREMEN.

Pres., Jere. Couhig;
Sec., Michael Leyden.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Longshoremen's hall, Market street.

BOTTLERS.

Pres., Dennis E. Drislane;
Sec., Eugene Sullivan.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Peirce hall, High street.

BREWERY WORKERS.

Pres., Albert Adams;
Rec. Sec., Richard P. Fullam;
Fin. Sec., John Connell.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of the month, at 38 Market street.

BRICKLAYERS AND MASONS.

Pres., Charles E. Whitehouse;
Sec., James E. Chickering.
Meets first and third Saturdays of each month in Red Men's hall.

W. E. Paul
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WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St. Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Robert M. Herrick, P. C.; Allison L. Phaney, N. C.; Charles Charlsen, V. C.; Fred Heiser, H. P.; Wilbur Gerry, V. H.; Albert H. Jenkins, S. H.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. R.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; C. W. Hansen, C. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 5, O. U. A.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursday of each Month.

Officers—William P. Gardner, C.; Charles B. Allen, V. C. Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank S. Langley, F. S.; J. W. Marden, T.; Charles W. Hanscom, Ind.; Malcomb D. Stuart, Ex.; William C. Berry, I. P.; William Emery, O. P.; Harry Hersum, Trustee.

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EASTERN DIVISION.

Winter Arrangement.
(In Effect October 14, 1901.)

Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3:50, 7.20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m., 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p. m. Sunday, 3:50, 8:00, a. m., 2:21, 5:00, p. m.

For Portland—9:55, 10:45, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, 8:50, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m., 8:55, p. m.

For Wells Beach—9:55, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55, a. m., 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For North Conway—9:55, a. m., 2:45, p. m.

For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30 p. m.

For Rochester—9:45, 9:55, a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30, p. m.

For Dover—4:50, 9:45, a. m., 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:48, a. m., 5:57, p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m., 5:00, p. m. Sunday, 8:00, a. m., 5:00, p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10, a. m., 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45, p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00, a. m., 6:40, 7:00, p. m.

Leave Portland—2:00, 9:00, a. m., 12:45, 6:00, p m. Sunday, 2:00, a m., 12:45, p. m.

Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m., 4:15, p. m.

Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:47, a. m. 3:50, 6:25, p. m. Sunday, 7:00, a m.

Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:32, 10:00 a. m., 4:05, 6:39, p. m.

Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24, a. m., 1:40 4:30, 6:30, 9:20, p. m. Sunday 7:30, a. m., 9:25, p. m.

Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50, a. m 2:13, 4:59, 6:16, p. m. Sunday 6:26, 10:06, a. m., 8:09, p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9:28, 11:55, a m., 2:19, 5:05, 6:21, p. m. Sunday 6:30, 10:12, a. m., 8:15, p. m.

Leave Greenland—9:35, a. m., 12:01 2:25, 5:11, 6:27, p. m. Sunday 6:35, 10:18 a. m., 8:20, p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following station. or Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8:30, a. m., 12:45, 5:25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8:39, a. m., 12:54 5:33, p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:07, a. m 1:07, 5:58, p. m.

Epping—9:22, a. m., 1:21, 6:14, p. m Raymond—9:32, a. m., 1:32, 6:25, p. m

Returning leave

Concord—7:45, 10:25, a. m., 3:30, p. m.

Manchester—8:32, 11:10, a. m., 4:20 p. m.

Raymond—9:10, 11:48, a.m., 5:02, p. m.

Epping—9:32, a. m., 12:00, m., 5:15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:47, a. m 12:17, 5:55, p. m.

Greenland Village—10:01, a. m., 12:2 6:08, p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

York Harbor & Beach R. R.

Leave Portsmouth 7.50, 10.50 a. m 2.50, 5.30 p. m.

Leave York Beach 6.25, 10.00 a. m 1.30, 4.05 p. m.

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Portsmouth Electric Railway.

Time Table in Effect Daily, Commencing September 26, 1901

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Boar's Head, connecting for Exeter and Newburyport, at *7:05 a. m., 8:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at *5:30 a. m., *6:55 a. m and *10:05 p. m. For Little Boar's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. 1:05, 5:05, 7.05, 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at *8:03 a. m., 9:05 and hourly until 9:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at *6:10 a. m., *7:30 a. m. and *10:35 p. m. Leave Little Boar's Head at 9:10 and 10:10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street—Leave Market Square at *6:35 a. m., *7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at *10:35 and **11:05.

Up Islington Street—Leave Market Square at *6:35 a. m., *7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05, p. m. and at *10:35 and **11:05. Last car each night runs to car barn only. Running time to Plains, 12 minutes.

Christian Shore Line.

Leave Market Square for B. & M. Station and Christian Shore at *6:25 a. m., *7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m., and at *10:35 and **11.05.

Returning—Leave Corner Bartlett and Morning Streets at *6:10 a. m., *6:50, 7:20 and half-hourly until 9:50 p. m., and at *10:20 and **10:50.

*Omitted Sundays.
**Saturdays only.

W. T. Perkins, Supt. D. J. Flanders, G. P. & T. A.

U. S. Navy Yard Ferry.

TIME TABLE.

April 1 Until September 30.

Leaves Navy Yard.—7:55, 8:20 8:40, 9:15, 10:00, 10:30, 11:45 a. m.; 1:35, 2:00, 3:00, 4:05, 5:00, 5:50, *7:15 p. m Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m.; 12:15, 12:35 p. m. Holidays, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth.—8:10, 8:20, 8:50, 9:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00 *10:00 p. m. Sundays 10:07 a. m.; 12:05, 12:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

P. F. HARRINGTON, Captain, U. S. N., Captain of the Yard.

Approved: B. J. CROMWELL, Rear Admiral, U. S. N., Commandant

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WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will be careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loam and Turf.

Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards avenue and South street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Ham, successor to S. S. Pletcher, 36 Market street, will receive prompt attention.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

SMALL ADLETS

Such as For Sale. To Let Wanted, Etc. will be inserted in this column

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WASHING CAR LINEN.

THE SYSTEM WHICH IS USED AT THE PULLMAN WORKS.

A Monster Laundry In Which 1,500 Gallons of Soap, Made on the Premises, Are Used Every Day on 45,000 Pieces of Linen.

Big laundries are commonplace enough, but a laundry which can substantiate its claim to being the largest in the world, which uses a ton of soap a day and yet washes none of the public's linen, would seem to be an anomaly. Such a laundry is the one at Pullman, Ills., maintained by the Pullman Palace Car company for the washing and ironing of the thousands of sheets, pillowcases and similar furnishings in daily use on its sleeping cars throughout the country

The building is a handsome brick and stone structure of two stories.

To this building comes every morning by express soiled linen in carload lots. These are delivered at the east end of the building in square canvas bags of uniform size, and each is carefully labeled and numbered. The work of packing and billing the contents of these bags has been done at six different depots in the city, where an accurate record of each day's receipts and disbursements is kept. When the bags are opened at Pullman the pieces are recounted and piled in a promiscuous heap upon the floor. No effort is made to return to a car the exact supplies received from it, save in number and kinds. A piece of linen on a Pullman car is never used a second time until it has been returned from the laundry Thus the week's occupant of a sleeping car gets fresh sheets and pillowslips each night.

Twelve immense brass hydraulic washers await the piles which have found temporary resting place upon the laundry floor. These piles are wheeled to the washers in roller baskets and consigned to their care. These washers are 7 feet long and 3 feet in diameter, and consist of large cylindrical shaped tubs standing on their sides, with openings at the tops. Inside of each tub is a perforated brass cylinder. It is through an opening in these cylinders the linen is placed, the shell holding 200 sheets and a proportionate amount of smaller articles. After the admission of hot water and a certain amount of soap the cylinders are set to revolving and reversing automatically. Pipes carry cold and hot water to each washer and the hot water is always kept at 212 degrees In twenty minutes the washing is completed and the rinsing, first in hot and afterward in cold water, and the addition of the requisite amount of bluing conclude the process. Each machine can wash 400 sheets per hour, and 45,000 pieces of linen a day is the average amount handled.

The "wringing" of the linen is performed by ten hydraulic extractors These are metallic circular tubs about 3 feet in diameter and 15 inches deep Within each is a perforated copper basket into which the linen is packed These baskets are circular in shape and revolve 1,500 times a minute for 10 or 15 minutes, throwing off the water by centrifugal force until the contents are nearly dry. When sufficiently dried the pieces, which are packed in almost solid masses, are taken out by men and placed in machines called tumblers.

These machines are merely revolving wooden cylinders, with interior arrangements for shaking out the mass consigned to them. In a few moments the pieces are all separated. Girls then empty the tumblers and smooth out the pieces preparatory to consigning them to the mangles or ironing machines.

There are eight of the largest size duplex mangles for car linen. Each consists of a hollow metallic cylinder 100 inches long and 24 inches in diameter There are also five felt covered rollers coming in contact with each cylinder for the purpose of feeding the pieces smoothly and absorbing the remaining moisture. After passing through these machines, the ironing portions of which are kept at 400 degrees by means of steam, the linen emerges beautifully ironed and finished on both sides. Girls operate the machines. They also fold, sort and tie the various articles preparatory to the counting and packing.

The packing is done in bundles consisting of ten sheets or 25 pillowslips, or an approximate number of napkins, towels and the like. These bundles are placed in canvas boxes. Each box holds 200 sheets or 1,000 of the smaller pieces. The boxes are then sealed and loaded into cars at the west end of the building. These cars go to the city by express and the goods are delivered to the various stations by express as they may be required.

The number of employees needed to carry on the work upon the first floor of the laundry are 100 woven and one-fifth of that number of men. The latter are used in the heavier operations, the girls, white capped and white aproned, attending to the lighter duties of the place.

The second floor is devoted to starch work, such as coats and caps of waiters on the dining cars. Here ironing and polishing machines of lesser sort are found. About 50 operatives are here engaged.

The soap question is an all important one at the Pullman laundry. Fifteen hundred gallons of soft or diluted soap are used daily. It is all made on the premises and amounts to a ton gross weight of the washing compound. These figures to be appreciated should be estimated from the amounts used for washing purposes in the ordinary household; but few people, even in Pullman, are aware of the magnitude of the company's laundry. Beyond the fact that it gives employment to a large number of young women and a lesser number of men but little interest exists in its daily output.—Chicago Tribune.

PLAYING CARDS.

What the Suits Are Said to Have Originally Represented.

There may be some among you who are not acquainted with the four symbols upon which fortunes are hourly waged. In the first place, you must understand that cards are of French origin, having been invented about the year 1390 to drive away the melancholy moods of Charles IV of France. Printing not then being one of the arts, cards were painted by hand, and in a synodical canon interdicting their use by the clergy issued within 20 years of their origination they are described as "painted little leaves." Thus early you see was recognized the possibility of their being put to evil uses, and that they were quickly seized upon as a medium for gaming is shown by the fact that 50 years after their invention severe edicts were passed against them, and the Duke of Savoy only permitted women the pastime "for pins and needles."

Their inventor intended the four suits to represent the four classes of men in the French kingdom. The hearts represent the choir men or ecclesiastics, termed in French gens de chœur. The chœur was corrupted into cœur, meaning hearts, as you all know The Spaniards, who obtained the use of cards from the French, have chalices as one of their suits instead of hearts, proving conclusively that the ecclesiastics were intended to be represented. What we call "spades" were originally intended as pikes or the points of lances, being representative of the noble or military class. The "diamonds," which all fortune tellers tell you are indicative of wealth, were originally intended as square stone tiles and are representative of the order of citizens, merchants, tradesmen and artisans. "Clubs" are nothing more than the three leaved clover, which was originally intended as the symbol of the husbandmen and peasants.

Now for the meaning of the "court" or "face" cards. As to the original standing of the four kings there is some difference of opinion. Some say that the king of clubs originally represented the arms of the pope, the king of spades the arms of the king of France, the king of diamonds the arms of the king of Spain, and the king of hearts the arms of the king of England. This explanation is of doubtful origin It is more likely that the four kings characterize the heads of the Jewish, Greek, Roman and Frankish empires, the kings depicted being David (spades), Alexander (clubs), Cæsar (diamonds) and Charles (hearts). In fact, to this day many French cards bear their names

In packs so marked the queens are thus named: Argine (hearts), Judith (clubs), Rachel (diamonds) and Pallas (spades) Argine is an anagram for "Regina," and the four names respectively royalty, fortitude, piety and wisdom. They are supposed to be likenesses of Marie d'Anjou, queen of Charles VII, Isabeau, the queen mother; Agnes Sorel the king's mistress, and Jeanne d'Arc

The jacks or knaves represent the servants to knights. In old time lingo the now objectionable word knave meant simply a servant, and in fact in an old translation of the Bible St. Paul is spoken of as "the knave of Christ" —Philadelphia Times.

Oriental Occultism.

The charm called Koran-gardan (the turning of the Koran) in Persia is well known The way in which it is done is as follows: A key is so placed among the leaves of the Holy Book that the handle and part of the shaft may protrude, and it is secured by a bit of cord fastened tightly across the volume Two person then put their forefingers under the handle and support the book, which hangs down lightly between their hands A certain verse is then repeated once for every suspected person, and at the name of the thief the volume turns round of itself, and the handle slips off the forefingers of the two persons that hold it.

This superstition was formerly common in Europe, the Bible being the locum tenens of the Koran. It is now obsolete, except in a few remote localities. The Portuguese of Goa, being a people of strong faith, will use a hymn or mass book as well as the holy volume, and recite an Ave Maria, sometimes with, sometimes without, a Pater Noster in the Lingoa Barca.—Humanitarian.

Docking a Dog's Meal.

I went to church not long ago, says a contributor, and heard the following tale given in explanation of the words "collection" and "offering," and the difference between them:

A certain small boy had a dog which he had named Fido The boy was very fond of Fido One day at dinner the boy's father noticed him taking the best of the portion of roast beef which had fallen to his lot and placing it on another plate. Upon inquiry the father learned that the meat was for the dog Fido. "My son," said papa, "it would be better if you ate that meat yourself and gave Fido some of the scraps which are left." The boy protested, but the father was obdurate. At the conclusion of the meal the boy took out to Fido a plate heaped with scraps of the roast "Here, Fido," said the boy, "I wanted to make you an offering, but here is only a collection."—Albany Journal

Matthew Arnold.

Max Muller relates that Tennyson once exclaimed upon opening a dish cover at the house of a young and modest couple who had gone to some trouble to "breakfast" him, "Mutton chops, the staple of every bad inn in England!" If it were not Max Muller or some equally august person who told of this astounding deviation from decency on the part of a gentleman, one would refuse to believe it Yet Max Muller names Matthew Arnold as a wonderful example of perfect manners, and there are Americans who heard him say to his wife at an American breakfast table, "Try these cakes, my dear; they're not as nasty as they look."

Weevils Like Strychnine.

The old proverb that what is one man's meat is another's poison is well illustrated by a fact recently reported in Nature by a correspondent. Some wheat, which had been poisoned by soaking in a solution of strychnine and which was intended for killing sparrows, after having been kept for some time in cardboard boxes was found to have become infested with weevils. On examination it was found that the boxes were full of weevils and their excrement, and the wheat was more than half eaten. Strychnine was found to be present in the wheat which the weevils had eaten and in apparently still larger proportion in their excrement, so that it had evidently passed through the digestive apparatus unchanged. When we consider that so little as from half to three-fourths of a grain of the alkaloid is sufficient to kill a strong man, the difference between the roles played by the alkaloid becomes very striking.

It is not as if insects were universally proof against the action of poisons, as this is far from being the case. An instance quoted from the same source carries the matter still further. It has been found that the weevil Anthonomus druparum can feed with impunity on kernels containing hydrocyanic acid, while the same acid administered to caterpillars of Deiopeia pulchella caused them quickly to die, although they were quite unaffected by the poisonous principle of the Calabar bean, known as eserine. It appears therefore that what is one insect's food is another insect's poison, and vice versa.

How Sardinian Women Dress.

The women of Sardinia are described by a visitor to that island as being of elegant figure and graceful carriage, with large black eyes, dark hair and brunette complexion. They dress in very much the same style as women in other parts of civilized Europe, except that there is not the same extreme haste to adopt the latest fashion. The wives and daughters of the farmers and tradesmen, by the gorgeousness of their costumes, amply compensate for the simplicity of dress among the upper classes, and at their religious fetes and other festivals, when they appear in gala dress, they present a wonderful spectacle.

These costumes are a sort of family heirloom, handed down from mother to daughter and treasured as highly as hereditary jewels or ancestral portraits The fashion never changes, and instead of feeling ashamed of being seen in the same dress at two different entertainments they glory in its antiquity and in the number of occasions on which it has been worn. The costumes of the women vary greatly in different parts of Sardinia. In some districts a small black jacket, open in the front, is worn over a very short bodice of bright colored silk and brocade, which is loosely laced before and cut rather low. There are apparently no corsets. The petticoat is of light brown cloth, very full, and between it and the bodice is a sort of neutral ground of protruding garment, which by no means adds to the general beauty of the toilet.

Mark Twain's Generosity.

At one time, when the distinguished writer, Richard Malcolm Johnston, had been prevailed on to give a reading in Baltimore, Thomas Nelson Page volunteered to assist him, but a death in Mr Page's family prevented him from appearing in the entertainment.

Mark Twain heard of it. The people of Baltimore had long wished to have Twain appear there, but he had steadfastly refused to resume his lectures.

But he went on that occasion, for he appreciated the genius of Richard Malcolm Johnston, and, desiring to honor him, he left New York, at a great personal sacrifice, and appeared with him on that occasion.

There was never such a crowded house in a Baltimore theater.

When the entertainment was over, Colonel Johnston, with his accustomed fairness and courtesy, tendered Twain the bulk of the receipts.

"No," said Mark, "not one cent shall I receive. It is such a great honor to know a man like you that I am the one who owes you the debt of gratitude."

"Well," said the colonel, "at least let me defray your expenses?"

"I have a through ticket," said Twain. "Goodby and God bless you!"

That was Mark Twain!—Atlanta Constitution.

Swimming Lesson Failed.

It was winter time, and the son of a tobacconist wanted to learn to swim His father told him if he would learn the stroke on the floor and practice it during cold weather he would be able to swim right off when he jumped into the water in summer.

At last summer came, and the father and two sons went to a pond. The father went over the hill to look after some stock while the boys were going in swimming. His last instructions to the young man were to just jump in and go ahead—he could swim all right. This the boy proceeded to do. When the father, returning, came in sight over the hill, he saw the older boy almost splitting his sides laughing and the other on a log coughing up water, wiping his eyes and as mad as a hornet.

"Father," said the older boy, "you'll have to whip Sam."

"What for?" asked the father.

"He said you were the biggest liar in Montgomery county." The boy went to the bottom on the first lick.—Clarksville (Tenn.) Leaf Chronicle.

He Understood.

A late judge whose personal appearance was as unprepossessing as his legal knowledge was profound and his intellect keen, interrupted a female witness:

"Bamboozled you, my good woman! What do you mean by that," said he sternly.

"Well, my lord," replied the woman, "I don't know how to explain it exactly, but if a girl called your lordship a handsome man she would be humbugging you."—London Tit-Bits.

WONDERS OF THE SUN.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR FIERY ORB OF DAY.

Its Size, Weight and Intense Heat. Its Dazzling Light and the Substance From Which It Proceeds. The Elements Which It Contains.

The sun's diameter is 866,000 miles. This is about 109 times that of the earth, and is nearly twice that of the moon's orbit.

Its volume of bulk is 1,331,000 times that of the earth. Its weight, calculated from the strength of its pull upon the planets, is that of 327,000 earths.

The sun's mean or average distance from us, according to the latest determinations, is 92,700,000 miles. Owing to a slight ellipticity of the earth's orbit and the fact that the sun is not exactly at its center we are 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun on the 1st of January than on the 1st of July.

Light, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, requires 8¼ minutes to come to us from the sun. A railway train, speeding day and night at the rate of 60 miles an hour, would cover a distance as great in 176 years.

The amount of heat radiated by the sun every 45 minutes is equivalent to that which would be generated by the combustion of a chunk of the best anthracite coal of the size of the moon.

If a javelin of ice 45 miles thick were to be hurled at the sun by some titantic arm, with the velocity of light, and could the whole heat of the sun be concentrated upon it, the weapon would melt as fast as it advanced.

The sun is 600,000 times as bright as the full moon

Sunlight has 146 times the intensity of calcium light and three times that of the electric arc light.

The temperature of the sun is now thought to be somewhere between 5,000 and 9,000 degrees centigrade.

This temperature is sufficiently high to vaporize all known substances, with the possible exception of carbon. For this reason it is now held to be probable that the light of the sun comes from solid or liquid particles of carbon, which float in its otherwise gaseous mass near its exterior, forming in their aggregation the dazzling, cloudlike shell known as the "photosphere."

The reason for thinking that the sun's light comes from intensely heated solid or liquid matter, though undoubtedly the great bulk of the sun's mass is gaseous, is that the "spectrum" of sunlight (formed by causing a beam of sunlight to pass through a glass prism) is "continuous"—that is, it contains all of the rainbow colors from red to violet, and such a spectrum is given only by light from a glowing solid or liquid.

The spectrum of a glowing gas consists only of a greater or less number of bright lines, the intervening spaces being dark, each gas—or metal reduced to the gaseous state—giving a spectrum peculiar to itself

Crossing the rainbow spectrum of sunlight are to be seen thousands of fine dark lines These lines are now known to be due to the fact that above the sun's dazzling photosphere is an atmosphere—about 5,000 miles deep—made of various gases and vapors of metals, which stop or "absorb" a part of the sun's light in passage through them

These dark lines correspond in position and intensity with the bright lines which form the spectra of various gases and metals and are undoubtedly caused by the presence of these substances in the sun's atmosphere

About one half of the 70 and more "elements" known to terrestrial chemistry have been discovered by these indications to exist in the sun, and astronomers are confident that the rest of the terrestrial elements are also there, though for some reason they have not yet revealed themselves through the spectroscope

Some years ago astronomers were puzzled at finding evidence of the existence in the sun of a substance apparently quite abundant, which could not be identified by means of its lines with any known terrestrial element. They named it helium

Helium has lately been found to exist upon the earth as well as in the sun, in the shape of a gas which is contained, absorbed, in certain rare minerals—cleveite, broggerite and a few others. It is somewhat heavier than hydrogen, but is too light to remain in a free state in the earth's atmosphere, just as no hydrogen exists upon the earth in a free state, but only in compounds, of which water is the most important.

Among the elements which have not yet been found in the sun, though it hardly seems possible that they are not there, are oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus mercury, gold and the recently discovered gas argon

From what is now known it is little less than certain that the material of which the sun and the earth consist is precisely the same The two bodies differ mainly in size and temperature. In the sun nearly everything is gaseous, because of its intense heat The earth may once have been as hot as the sun now is and have been then as luminous, but now its temperature has fallen so low that the greater part of its substance is in the solid state, and only a small part is either liquid or gaseous.

To Remove Shine.

A tailor says that the shine or gloss which comes on cloths after wearing is due either to the fabric wearing away or the nap becoming hardened and glossy from an accumulation of dust. In the first case its removal is very difficult Hard scrubbing with a stiff brush dipped in hot water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added and pressing by the steaming process may, however, somewhat improve the appearance of the garment If the shine comes from dust, it can be removed by brisk sponging with clear tepid water softened by a little ammonia. Afterward, with a piece of linen or silk laid over it, the cloth is pressed while damp.

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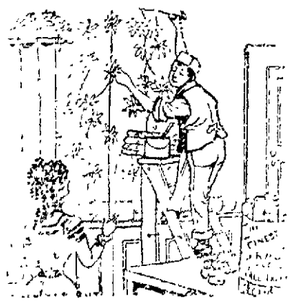

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THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC, MAY 20.

SUN RISES.....4:19 | MOON SETS...03:16 A. M.
SUN SETS.....7:03 | FULL SEA... 10:10 A. M. 10:15 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY...14:44

Full Moon, May 22d, 5h. 46m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, May 30th, 7h. 0m., morning W.
New Moon, June 6th, 1h. 11m., morning, E.
First Quarter, June 12th, 6h. 51m., evening, W.

TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1902.

The society girl may be first in the whirl of receptions and balls, But she'll have to admit it's the telephone girl who receives the most "calls."

CITY BRIEFS.

The rain of Monday night was welcome.

The bare-headed girl is once more with us.

The Master Builders have a meeting this evening.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

Compare the Herald with other evening papers.

The coal dealers are still making more money than the ice men.

The Carpenters' union has submitted a new proposition to the Master Builders.

Local bicycle dealers report a considerable increase of business over last year.

Four candidates were initiated at the meeting of the Royal Arcanum on Monday evening.

A strike of the hod carriers is the latest threatened disturbance in the local labor world.

Mrs. Olie J Wadleigh of Kittery has been granted an original widows' pension of $8 a month.

Seabrook is still dissatisfied with the name popularly bestowed upon the Hampton river bridge.

When doctors fail try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

Damon lodge, Knights of Pythias, will confer the rank of Esquire on one candidate this Tuesday evening.

Penhallow and Bennett are making names for themselves by their splendid work on the Harvard lacrooose team.

The carpenters are at work repairing the Laighton house on Miller avenue, recently purchased by Thomas Rider.

Tickets for the Strawberry Festival and Dance Wednesday evening, next, are on sale at J. H. Taylor's and at Hoyt & Dow's

Great Chief Ceylon T. Spinney of Massasoit tribe of Red Men goes to Dover on Wednesday evening and visits Wecfanoo Council, D. of P.

The Nashua-Dover baseball game in Dover, on Monday, attracted the usual crowd of Portsmouth sports, but the rain caused them to be disappointed.

No man can cure consumption. You can prevent it though. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma. Never fails.

Strawberry Festival and Dance, under the auspices of Uniform Rank Knight of Pythias, Wednesday evening, May 21st. Philbrick hall, tickets 35c each.

The Belleville Athletic club has arranged for a game with the Maplewoods of Portsmouth at the North End grounds Memorial day.—Newburyport News

Flossie—I'm afraid, Bridget, that mamma is dissatisfied with you.

Bridget—Is she, now? Faith, thin, she'll soon have a chance to be dissatisfied with somebody else!—Puck.

The new social organization, the "Big Seven," had a very enjoyable outing Sunday at the Greenough farm and formulated plans for the summer. A feature of the occasion was the vocal work of Prof. Swinnerton, accompanied by the "Indian" chorus.

Flora—I'm writing to tell Jack that I didn't mean what I said in my last letter.

Dora—What did you say in your last letter?

Flora—That I didn't mean what I said in the one before.—Brooklyn Life.

Walter S. Plummer si seriously ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. P. B. Yeaton, Portsmouth. Mr. Plummer resided in this city many years, moving to Portsmouth about four years ago. He is one of the old time printers and is well known throughout New England by members of the craft. His many friends in Somersworth hope that he will recover.—Somersworth paper

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; cures the pain. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, the household remedy.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

S. L. Strock electrician at the general store, spent Sunday in Boston.

A couple of yards and docks draughtsmen are to go to Washington this week to take the examination for civil engineer in the navy.

Boatswain Sweeney, Carpenters Stevenson and Haley, Chief Gunner Lynch, Boatswain Kettig and Mate Vennard are to act as pall bearers at the funeral of the late Boatswain Xavier Perrimond, U. S. N., retired, today. Six bluejackets are to act as body bearers.

CONTRACTOR PEIRCE IN TOWN.

John Peirce, who holds the contract for the large granite dry dock at the navy yard, arrived in Portsmouth this (Tuesday) forenoon from New York, accompanied by Emil Diebitsch, and registered at the Rockingham. Mr. Peirce inspected the work at the dry dock this morning after which he held a conference with his representatives at the Rockingham. The result of this conference has not yet been made public.

WE CAN BUILD ONE.

The House Passes The Naval Appropriation Bill.

Calls For The Building Of Three Ships At Navy Yards.

A Battleship, Cruiser And A Gun boat Selected As The New Ships.

Washington, May 19.—Before adjournment today, the House passed the naval appropriation bill. The feature of the debate was on the amendment offered by Mr. Roberts of Massachusetts, providing that three of the ships provided for in the bill, a battleship, a cruiser, and a gunboat shall be built in government yards. Mr Adams of Pennsylvania made a point of order against the amendment which Mr. Sherman sustained, but on an appeal by Mr. Roberts, the chair was overruled and the amendment was agreed to.

Under a suspension of rules the bill for eight-hour work on all government contracts was passed, also a bill authorizing the construction of a national sanitarium for disabled soldiers at Hot Springs, S. D.

Mr. Watson of Indiana offered an amendment which was agreed to, repealing sections 8, 9, and 10 of the act of March 3, 1899, organizing and increasing the efficiency and personnel of the navy and marine corps, having reference to retirements.

Mr. Foss submitted a statement prepared by the bureau of naval intelligence showing that there were but thirty-eight line officers at the Naval academy instead of fifty-eight, as had been stated.

Mr. Ball of Texas submitted an amendment striking out the provision limiting the number of ships to be built by any one firm or corporation. It was agreed to.

Mr. Mudd of Maryland made a point of order against the provision in the bill providing that in the construction of naval vessels the provisions of the naval appropriation bill for 1901 shall be observed and followed because, he said, it changed existing law. The point was sustained.

Mr. Roberts of Massachusetts offered an amendment authorizing the secretary of the navy to build one battleship, one armored cruiser and one gunboat, "in such government yard or yards as he may designate."

Mr Adams of Pennsylvania made a point of order against it, which was finally sustained by the chair. An appeal was taken and the chair was overruled, 56 to 109. The question was then on agreeing to the amendment.

Mr. Foss urged the members to consider what the amendment meant. Past experience, he said, had proved that it costs 50 per cent more to build ships in government yards than in private yards and cited the Texas and the Maine.

Mr. Dayton said the amendment would not be in the interests of laboring men, because there was a limit placed on the number of men that navy yards could employ.

Mr. Roberts referred to what he termed the pathetic plea of Mr. Dayton for the laboring man and said that when a labor delegation appeared before the committee they made no plea for work in private yards.

The amendment of Mr. Roberts was agreed to without division.

Mr. Ball offered an amendment which was agreed to providing that in case shipbuilders enter into a combination or agreement or understanding by which competition would be shut off, then all the ships shall be built in government yards.

The provision for a naval station of the great lakes was stricken out on a point of order by Mr. Roberts. The bill was passed.

On motion of Mr. Gardner of New Jersey, the bill limiting the hours of daily labor service on government work to eight hours was passed under suspension of the rule, as was a house joint resolution fixing December 31 1902 a date when entries under the mining laws of the United States of certain lands in Spokane, (Wash.) Indian reservation shall take effect.

A senate bill providing for the erection of the northern branch National Home for Disabled Soldiers at Hot Springs, S. D., was passed.

At 5.15 p. m., the house adjourned.

COLONIAL DAMES.

The delegates from the New Hampshire branch of the Colonial Dames of America leave Boston Monday morning at nine o'clock on the Colonial express for Washington, where they will attend the biennial session of the national organization, which is to continue throughout the week. On Wednesday the monument erected by the Colonial Dames in honor of the American soldiers and sailors who perished during the Spanish-American war will be unveiled at Arlington by President Roosevelt with appropriate exercises. The New Hampshire delegates include Mrs. Richter of Portsmouth, Mrs. Arthur E. Clarke and Mrs. John Smythe Fogg of Manchester, Mrs. Charles E. Fish of Dover, Mrs. Henry E. Hovey of Portsmouth, Mrs. John R. Brooke of Governor's Island, N. Y., Mrs. William E. Chandler of Washington and Mrs. Harry Read of Lowell, Mass.

LOST ANOTHER $200 HORSE.

Heft Brothers, the well known teamsters, suffered another loss of a horse on Monday. This time it was one of the new pair of grays that have attracted so much attention on the street of late. The noble animal was taken suddenly sick while at work and although the best of veterinary skill was in attendance the horse died. The animal had all the symptoms of having been poisoned.

FIRE IN NEWINGTON.

House On The Huntress Estate Totally Destroyed.

Nothing Left This Morning But A Heap Of Smoking Ruins.

House Was Unoccupied And Undoubtedly Fired By Knights Of The Road.

An old unoccupied house on the Huntress estate, situated on the banks of the river in the town of Newington, was destroyed by fire during the night and this morning is but a heap of smoking ruins.

The property is owned by the Huntress heirs of Eliot and for many years the house was occupied by aged Mary Huntress who lived and died alone in the old house. Since her death the house has been unoccupied and has probably been made the stopping place of numerous knights of the road, it being nearby the railroad track and quite isolated.

It is thought that the old house was fired by tramps.

Messrs. John G. Tobey, Jr., and William H. Fay, who have summer homes in the vicinity went there this morning to see if their property was all right.

PERSONALS.

Frank G. Sherburne is dangerously ill at his home at the Plains.

Mrs. Whitney of Stoneham, Mass., is the guest of Miss Mabel Helab.

County Solicitor John W. Kelly was in Alfred on Monday, on legal business.

Lieut. Harry Barnard of Holyoke, Mass., is the guest of Portsmouth friends.

Miss Bessie Merrill is the guest of her cousin, Miss Isadore Merrill, of Dorchester, Mass.

George E. French of this city went to New York Monday on a business trip for a few days.

Miss Ida Foote has returned from Boston, where she has been visiting for the past week.

Everyone of the nine children of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Meloon, of Hanover street, is ill with the measles.

Frank B. Kimball, late of G. B. Chadwick & Co., goes to Boston on Wednesday to accept a lucrative position there.

Albert R. Junkins was in Concord on Monday and attended the grand council meeting of the Royal and Select Masons.

Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Gooding of Middle street are passing several weeks in Cincinnati as the guests of Mr. Gooding's sister.

Mrs. H. Elizabeth Townsend, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fannie Orcutt, of Boston, has re-opened her house on Rogers street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Peterson of New York, with their children, have opened the Peterson residence at Greenland, and will reside there permanently.

Lewis W. Brewster, of the Journal, attended the annual meeting of the Suburban Press association of New England, of which he is a member, in Boston, on Monday.

Mrs. Adele Hacfeli of Paterson, N. J., called to Portsmouth by the death of her brother-in-law, the late Boatswain Xavier Perrimond, U. S. N., arrived in this city, on Monday.

Rev. Charles W. Martin who has been ill for several weeks has started for a sea trip of two weeks' duration, on a collier. Upon his return he hopes to be able to resume his pastoral duties at Sunapee.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth Gertrude Cotton younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Cotton of this city, to Mr. Herbert Albert Withington of Jamaica Plains, Mass.

AT THE HOTELS.

R. L. Almeda of Boston was numbered among the guests at the Kearsarge on Monday.

The Rockingham register on Monday, contained the names of H. Chamant, of New York, and H. M. Gordon of Boston, W. A. Barker, claims agent for the Boston and Maine railroad, was also the guest of Manager Hill, on the 19th inst.

"The automobile is responsible for more of the increase in the traveling trade than most people realize," said a hotel clerk, today. "A good many people own motor carriages nowadays and as they become more used to them they are venturing farther and farther from home, with the result that they are frequently obliged to remain out over night, as the automobilist himself would express it, and the hotels reap the benefit.

"Portsmouth has the best hotels I ever saw in a town of its size," declared a traveling man this morning. "I don't see how the town supports so many high grade houses, but it evidently does, for none of them ever close up, and if for any reason a proprietor wishes to sell out, he never has to wait very long for buyers."

GONE TO PORTLAND.

Manager Mulcahy of the depot restaurant received a telegram from Boston Monday evening ordering him to proceed to Portland at once, as arrangements had been made for the Armstrong company to take charge of the cafe there at once. Mr. Mulcahy left on the 9.15 train.

PLANS FOR EXTENSION.

Civil Engineer Thompson Is In Portsmouth Today.

Here To Estimate Cost Of Electric Line To Freeman's Point.

Boston & Maine Evidently Thinking Of Extending Its Tracks To That Point.

G. M. Thompson, civil engineer of the Boston and Maine railroad arrived in Portsmouth, this morning, on the 10.45 train from Boston. Mr. Thompson's mission to this city, is to look over the route of the proposed extension of the Portsmouth Electric Railway company's lines to Freeman's Point, make an estimate of the cost of building, and report the same to the Boston and Maine officials.

As there seems to be no reason why the cost of extending the tracks to the plant of the White Mountain Paper company should be at all excessive, Mr. Thompson's visit to Portsmouth is an event of considerable importance. The officials of the Paper company are very anxious that this extension should be built and it is certain that a large volume of business would be assured immediately upon the completion of the line, with a considerable increase as soon as the paper mills begin active operations. For these reasons there seem to be good grounds for the belief that the Boston and Maine people will build the new line.

This extension of the electric railroad tracks was first suggested by this paper. Attention was called some weeks ago to the need of easy means of communication between the business of the city, and the plant of the White Mountain Paper company and the officers of the company have several times since emphasized this need. The prompt action of the Boston and Maine people in sending their civil engineer to estimate the cost of constructing the line proves conclusively that the plan received their favorable consideration, and although none of the local representatives of the road would make any statement to that effect, when they were seen this morning, we believe that the chances are that the new line will be built in the not very distant future. The whole matter probably rests upon the expense to be entailed in grading and laying the tracks, and unless such expense is much greater than a layman would judge it to be, those interested in the building of the line will have strong hopes of its ultimate construction.

OBSEQUIES.

The funeral of Arthur H. Manson was held from the home of his parents in Tanner court, at two o'clock this (Tuesday) afternoon. The address was given by Rev. Mr Thayer; interment in Harmony Grove cemetery. Undertaker Nickerson had charge of the funeral.

Funeral services over the body of Percival Sprague will be held at four o'clock this afternoon, at the home of his daughter, Mrs, Charles E. Lowd, of Islington street. Rev. Mr. Leighton will deliver the address and the body will be taken to Nashua, tomorrow, (Wednesday) for interment, in charge of H. W. Nickerson.

At three o'clock this afternoon, at the home of his father on Middle street, the last sad rites were performed over the body of Albert V. Ayers. Rev. Mr. Leighton presided. Interment will be made in the family tomb. O. W. Ham had the funeral in charge.

The funeral of Xavier Perrimond, U. S. N., was held at his former home on Cass street at three o'clock today. Rev. Mr. Brine read the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal church, and the body was placed in Ham's receiving tomb.

The body of Laura Anna Prescott, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Prescott of Dennett street, was taken to Rochester this forenoon for

FOR A NEW HOME.

Meeting Of Board Of Trustees Of Local Y. M. C. A.

Plans Discussed For Proposed N.W Building To Cost $35,000.

Full Details Of The Enterprise Now Made Public For The First Time.

The board of trustees of the proposed new building of the Young Men's Christian association of this city met in the present rooms of the association on Congress street, on Monday evening, to discuss plans looking toward the erection of the new building at the earliest possible date. A representative of the Chronicle was invited to be present at the meeting and was shown a drawing representing the building as it will look when completed. It is noteworthy that no person aside from the trustees themselves and the officers of the association has ever prevously seen this drawing and the plans for the building itself are now for the first time made public.

It is to be three stories in height, with frontage on the street of sixty feet, and will be eighty feet deep. On the ground floor there will be two stores and the second floor will be devoted to parlors, reading and game rooms. A large part of the third story will be given over to the use of the Boy's Brigade.

The gymnasium will be at the back of the building, and will be two stories in height. It is to be equiped with a running track, and will be fitted with all necessary gymnastic apparatus. The bath room, which will be connected with the gymnasium, will have both shower and tub baths. Bowling alleys are to be put in, in the basement.

There is to be a large assembly hall, for devotional and other meetings, and space will also be reserved for offices for the directors and other officers of the association.

It is estimated that the building will cost, when finally ready for occupancy, $35,000. Of this amount, $15,000 has already been raised and the trustees propose to ask the public to donate $15,000 more. It is not believed that any great difficulty will be experienced in raising this sum. An energetic campaign is soon to be inaugurated, which will be continued until the full amount requested has been secured. The gentlemen of the board of trustees consider this enterprise a most important one. They believe that the local association should have a new home and are using every means in their power and sparing no pains to provide it.

The soundness of the enterprise and its excellent prospects of ultimate success may be judged by the names of the following gentlemen who comprise the board of trustees: Edward P. Kimball, Henry A. Yeaton, Lewis E. Staples, Walter E. Bennett, Daniel F. Borthwick, George B. Chadwick, Horace E. Frye, Henry C. Hewitt, Rev. Alfred L. Elwyn, Rev. George E. Leighton.

THE DUST NUISANCE.

The Record's protest against unsprinkled streets bore speedy fruit, and the promise is that the dust nuisance will be abated to a degree during the remainder of the season. The committee on streets will arrange for the city's part in the work and subscriptions have been pledged to make it an object for the sprinkler man to cover the side streets.

Biddeford's experience is not different from that of other cities. The papers of New England are protesting against the dust nuisance everywhere that the same system is followed that is followed here, that of paying for the sprinkling by contribution. It is a familiar spring grievance until the city makes street sprinkling a regular department of work and provides for the expense as it does for the expense of other departments.—Biddeford Record.

Federal Labor Union has a special meeting this evening.

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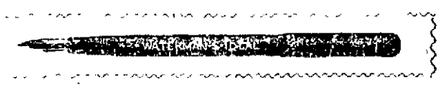

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